TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

I have always noticed, when a newspaper man is a candidate for any public office in Canada, the other newspaper men of the town seem to take a delight in doing him all the harm possible. I don't know why there shou'd be so little esprit de corps among the journalists and publishers, but the fact remains that there is no profession or business that I know of where there are so many petty jealousies and mean methods. Press clubs in cities do considerable to create a more friendly feeling, but in the majority of cases the press club is frequented by only a certain set, and few, if any, editors or proprietors ever meet one another there.

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Apparently about half the energy of the daily papers is taken up in abusing one another editorially, sneering at one another's circulation and inventing methods of doing harm to the business of rival enterprises. There is no reason why newspapers should conduct themselves thus. The newspaper craft, more than any other, would gain by unity of purpose and a desire on the part of all the newspapers in the locality to have a reasonable business understanding. But this will never come to pass as long as the papers are managed by jealousy and steered by spite.

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E. F. Clarke, the Mayoralty candidate, has the misfortune to be a newspaper editor and publisher. Every one of his own craft in the city knows him thoroughly, believes him able and honest, and it was always supposed, until he became a candidate for office, that he was a general favorite in newspaper circles. The campaign discloses, however, that, without any reason, newspaper proprietors and editors are almost unanimously against him, and there can be no reason assigned except jealousy. In no campaign that I can remember have there been more direct perversions of truth and garbling of statements than in this. The newspapers opposed to Mr. Clarke seem to take a special delight in putting words and sentiments into his mouth which are abhorrent to him. The very reporters of these papers seem to take a pride in "doing him up." I think it makes a bad exhibition to the general public of the weakness of newspaper nature.

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But when a newspaper man gets into trouble it must be admitted that the better qualities show themselves, though even in that juncture I have seen the most astounding exhibitions of thoroughbred and callous selfishness. It is possible it may be a business that teaches every man to look out for himself and let the devil take the rest whether they are the "hindmost" or not. The working after "scoops," the strategic movements of reporters trying to circumvent each another, the everlasting effort to beat their competitors, no doubt, makes them thoughtless, and, in fact, reckless of what becomes of the man who gets the worst of it. It can hardly be expected that men who are in continual personal strife shall be bosom friends, but when a man starts on the upward road and is in the line of political promotion, as Clarke is, the efforts do seem to be unnecessarily brutal which some newspaper men, who are not his business rivals, are making to drag him down to the personal obscurity from which they have never been able to emerge.

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The Press Club is about moving into new quarters and it is hoped into an enlarged sphere of usefulness. The first thing to be done is to import a little more brotherly love into the business. I hope and would suggest that the dramatic and literary aspirations of Toronto newspaperdom may be fired and fed by studies and rehearsals which might properly form a part of the club's programme. If the lady friends of the reporters, who always constitute the main body of the club, were to join in the studies and to meet frequently in the pleasant rooms which are being prepared, the social effect of the acquaintances which would spring up would be good.

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I am told that there is scarcely an editor or proprietor of a newspaper in this town who is on visiting terms with any other editor or publisher, and that the ladies who belong to the newspaper business by marriage never meet. It is this sort of isolation which breeds many of the petty meannesses of which Toronto newspapers have been guilty. And how bad such a condition of things looks to the very kindly intentioned public, who, until they got better acquainted, imagined journalists were a superior class. How would it look if all the lawyers in Toronto were at daggers drawn, socially and professionally? What a pleasant time they would have if their wives never called on one another, and how very much it would add to their dignity if they never spoke of a professional rival without intimating that they had proof in their possession that he was a rogue or a fool. Doctors are said to disagree, but they never disagree to the extent of abhoring one another outside of the sick room or consultation. And why should newspaper men make such exhibitions of themselves? Within the business or profession, whichever you choose to call it, there are as many big-hearted, kindly-natured fellows as you can meet in any other profession in the world, but they have fallen into this small-minded habit of trying to be smart at one another's expense. They seem to believe that it belittles them if some of their companions achieve a little eminence. In the United States there is much less of this spirit than here. I have seen Republican newspaper men supporting a good honest Democratic editor for a public office, though a rival publisher in the same town, and doing it purely from a sense of what looks decent to outsiders, and because they believed the man they were supporting would honorably fill the office.

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Newspaper men, give one another a chance! In France how many journalists achieve eminence and leading positions? In Lower Canada, even, notice how many journalists gain prominence, and then look at our own Province and see how few obtain the position their abilities deserve! Remember, too, if they have obtained a position they have not their contemporaries to thank for it. Some newspaper men in country towns make themselves of such use to the party for whom they are speaking, and so thoroughly master the political machine, that they receive nominations, but in the cities and larger towns this sort of thing never happens. And why? There is no class in the community so thoroughly at home on public questions as the nature of their business forces them to be. They are frequently good speakers, and, as a rule, are honest, kindly men, but the jealousy and—we will call it, unintentional—perversity of rival journalists make it utterly impossible for them to receive promotion.

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I do not intend to advocate the idea that newspaper men should favor their bretnren because they are newspaper men, but to point out that they should not oppose them and abuse them for that reason. A newspaper would be derelict in its duty if it supported a man simply because he made his living by his pen. I have always had a hearty sort of contempt for that class of mendicancy which inspires newspapers to join in a clamor for the appointment of some needy editor as sheriff or registrar, or something of that sort. I think it would degrade journalism to keep these political rewards dangling under the noses of writers who should not feel it to be their first duty to slobber on party leaders and be in partnership with ward "heelers" and "howlers" in order to gain some petty office as the reward of their subserviency. These partisan rewards are not worthy of a journalist's ambition, but anything they can receive from the hands of the people, whose spokesmen they have endeavored to be, is an honor to the publicist, and it cannot be claimed that any newspaper man is going out of his way to seek these things when he is using his publication for the public good and endeavoring thereby to merit public confidence. If that is an unworthy ambition there can be nothing worthy in politics or journalism.

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In spite of all this, from the rate of those who have even been successful in public careers, I am impressed with the fact that the newspaper man who sticks to his desk and counting-room is much more apt to succeed financially than the one who personally dabbles in politics. This same things can be said of the lawyer and the doctor, of the merchant and the farmer, for it is beyond dispute that no honest man can ever get rich as a politician.

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I was in a store the other day with the idea of going into the Santa Claus business to a small extent, when I overheard a conversation between two young ladies and a young man. They were evidently buying presents for their friends, and money was apparently not the first object in making their purchases, as they seemed to be in easy circumstances. Before they had conversed very long the fact was forced on my attention that the young man was the husband of one of the young ladies. After they had gone pretty well through the list, the unmarried lady suggested to her sister: "What will we get for mother?" I was sorry to see the fact come to the surface that the married lady, who was very much absorbed in a couple of children, for whom she was buying toys and trinkets, felt inclined to dismiss the question with a laugh and the suggestion: "Oh, she won't expect anything." The unmarried lady looked irresolute for a minute and her sister suggested: "Oh, you buy her something if you like—something useful."

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Young ladies don't run away with the idea that mother does not expect anything! She may be getting old and have learned not to express her disappointment when her family forget her, but she expects something all the same. I suppose those two girls for the last fifteen years have been playing the piano while their mother washed the dishes. The mother has been the slave of their whims and humored their caprices till they have begun to imagine that it is fun enough for the old lady to see them have a good time, no matter how much trouble she is having herself. Mother has got supper for their lovers and helped the girls crimp their hair and array their dainty persons for conquest until she is looked upon a good deal as a sort of upper servant who should be used with some consideration, but not led to expect too much.

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No, the modern mother does not expect much. If she does she is often doomed to disappointment, but she has a right to expect more filial affection and thoughtful consideration than her children are accustomed to give her. She has a right to expect some reward for the hours when she rocked the cradle and tended her wayward bairns through youth and adolescence. She has a right to expect that her declining years shall be watched as carefully and as lovingly as she watched the helpless days of her children.

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The young man heard the conversation and separated himself from the ladies, and, after a long consultation, quietly purchased something which I was not inquisitive enough to learn the name of, but I saw him write a little card on which was the sweet word "Mother." This was inclosed in the parcel.

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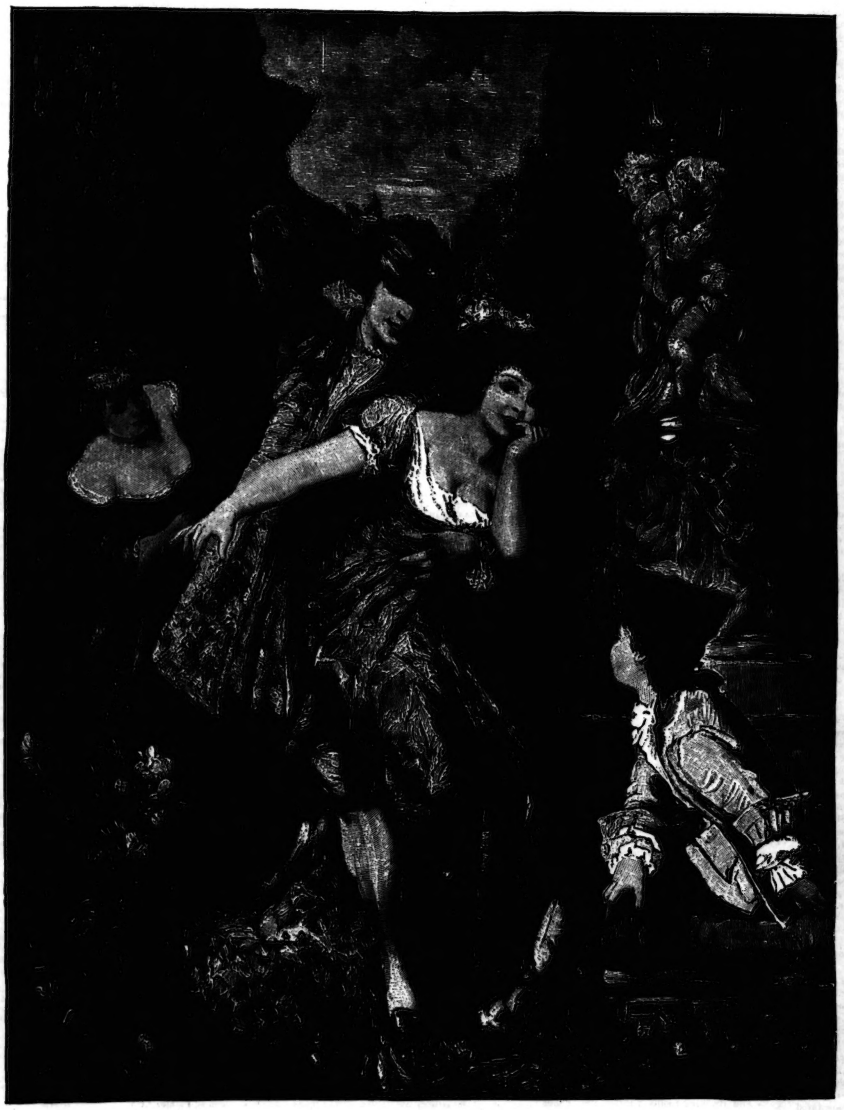
Some people think it smart to joke about their mother-in-law. I don't. A man should try to love his wife's mother next to his own, and to remember that the little embarrassments she may bring him is due to her affection for her daughter—his wife. I felt like going up to that dudish-looking young man and giving him a good square masculine hug for his mother-in-law's sake. Young men, young women, let me warn you again that you cannot bruise the old mother's heart any more cruelly than by letting her know that you imagine "she doesn't expect anything."

DON.



BLIND MAN'S BLUFF.

Success!

The publishers of SATURDAY NIGHT feel it again necessary to thank the people, not alone of Toronto, but of all Canada, for the kind, generous, and gratifying welcome extended to this latest aspirant for public favor in the crowded field of journalism. Although an edition of nearly 20,000 copies was printed last week, the supply scarcely equalled the demand, and by four o'clock in the afternoon every paper in the office had been sold, and the constant demands showed that several thousand more could easily have been disposed of. This week orders for the paper have poured in from all over the country. Newsdealers everywhere are increasing their supply, which shows that they are finding ready sale for all they have been getting.

This week a specially large number has been issued, in order to accommodate the advertisers, who appreciate the value of SATURDAY NIGHT as a medium through which to appeal to the best class of people in Toronto. On no occasion will the publishers ever permit advertising matter to crowd out any of the features of the paper, for their first idea is always to please and satisfy their readers.

Not only is this edition especially large as to the size of the paper, but the issue will number over 20,000 papers—an unprecedented thing for a journal only four weeks old.

It is very evident from all this that SATURDAY NIGHT has already become the universal favorite its publishers hoped it would when the enterprise was undertaken. It shows emphatically that the public appreciate a bright, clean, well-written paper, gossipy and sparkling without being offensively so, and always endeavoring to make the journey over life's rough places a little easier and the gloomy day a little brighter for those to whom it goes. SATURDAY NIGHT is devoted to its readers from page to page and its readers have appreciated the devotion. For all of which we are very thankful.

Notice.

Reliable correspondents are wanted for this department of SATURDAY NIGHT all over Canada. Contributors must sign their communications with their real names and addresses, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee to the editor that the contribution comes in good faith. Unsigned matter will not be noticed. Correspondents will please write on one side of the paper only, and will spell proper names so plainly that there will be no possibility of any mistake. The names of contributors will not be made public. All communications should be addressed: Editor Society Department SATURDAY NIGHT, 9 Adelaide Street West, Toronto, Ont.

Mr. and Mrs. Wragge's dance last Friday was a pleasant one. As the house is not large, there had been anticipations of a crush, anticipations which were not realized, for the number of invitations had been limited. The rigor of the dancing and the lateness of the hour to which it was kept up, proved that there was plenty of room. A noticeable feature was the number of black gowns. A brain-wave must have passed through the town at the hour of altering and have caused some thirty ladies to think of the same color at the same time, and as if by one accord to don sable dresses.

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I said a word to the band last week. The playing at Mrs. Wragge's house causes me to supplement it now. The time in some of the dances was really very bad indeed. A valse is not a galop, nor is it a dirge like a minuet, and emphatically it is not a mixture of both. I strongly advise the gentleman who conducts to make up his mind to look very closely to this, the most important point in dance music, or he will assuredly find that his patronage will fall of, and that he will no longer enjoy the almost complete monopoly which, under Mr. Seagar, his band so well deserved. Many and loud were the complaints on Friday night.

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There were present Mr. and Mrs. Vernon and Miss Marjorie Campbell, the Misses Larratt Smith, the Misses Yarker, Miss Campbell and Mr. Mayne Campbell, the Misses Todd, Miss A. Heward, Miss Mabel Heward and Mr. Heward, Miss Cawthra, Miss Lockhart, Miss Grace Boulton and Messrs. Arthur H. and C. Boulton, Miss Hodgins and Mr. Percy Hodgins, Miss Osler, Miss Brough, Miss Langmuir and Mr. Archie Langmuir. Also Messrs. Napier Robinson, Shanly, Edward Cayley, Jones, Thomas, Hoyles, Bruce, Gibson, Greer, McKellar and White.

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Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Mowat's assembly at their fine house on St. George street last Monday was a brilliant affair. Eight to eleven said the cards; but when were Toronto people known to arrive at any At Home or ball by eight o'clock? From 9 to 9.30, to do honor to the Premier of Ontario's bidding, came, in quick succession, famous divines, leading barristers, politicians of note and their budding confrères, savants, popular doctors, renowned warriors, bankers and brokers (successful and unsuccessful), literary men and literary hacks. All who had wives, of course, brought their better halves, while a large sprinkling of youth and beauty only served as a contrast to wrinkled brows, to hoary locks and massive foreheads. Even till eleven o'clock, when it was time to go, (for a man with the weight of the Ontario Goverment on his shoulders must take much rest), diners-out swelled the throng, and when at that hour I left, still they came. Out of at least two hundred there was not one name that would not grace this paper. I noticed Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Sheridan, Archdeacon Boddy, Sir William Howland, Sir Adam Wilson, Mr. Carpmael, Mr. Campbell, Mr. Johnston, D. A. G., and Mrs. Johnston, Colonel and Mrs. Dennison, Mr. Christopher Baines, Mrs. Henderson, Mrs. Heward, Miss Mabel Heward, Dr. and Mrs. Spragg, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Nordheimer, Mr. and Mrs. Scarth, Mr. and Mrs. Gwynne, Mrs. Banks, Dr. Baldwin, Mr. Mercer Adams, Mr. and Mrs. Brouse, the Misses Todd, Mr. and Mrs. Hodgins and Miss Hodgins, the Hon. Alexander and Miss Morris, Captain Geddes, Miss May Jones and Mr. Gordon Jones.

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It is unfortunate that the date fixed for Mrs. Cawthra's fancy ball is also that of the third and last night of the National Opera Company's engagement. I mean unfortunate for the opera, because it is unlikely that any people who are thinking of going to the ball will forsake it even for Faust or Lohengrin. An idea of Mrs. Albert Nordheimer's for this ball is a good one and original. A daisy chain lancers is to be formed, the ladies to be dressed as yellow and white daisies, with powdered hair, the gentlemen to follow suit with waistcoats and facings to their coats of the same colors, daisies—the real thing I mean—in their button holes, and with their hair powdered also. I suppose the yellow daisies will use yellow powder instead of the common white. The effect will be striking. The ladies who are to be links in this beautiful chain are Mrs. Nordheimer, Mrs. Vernon, Miss Marjorie Campbell, Miss Yarker, Miss Mabel Heward and Mrs. Banks, though their number may be augmented and the chain lengthened when the personelle of the masculine links becomes known. It will be admitted that if they should be dandylions it would be less trouble for them to go just as they are.

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A fancy ball in prospect is a blessing to society, because when one is at a loss for something to say, it is so easy to ask, "And what, Miss De Smythe, are you going to wear on the fourth?" and then when you are answered, you can discuss your own costume at length. One gentleman has declared his intention of going as a devil. It is agreed that the character will suit him admirably.

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It is perhaps well that during the past week there has been a temporary lull in the succession of numerous gaieties, because society wished to go to the theater. One of the most taking of comic operas has been running at the Grand Opera House, and society has shown how it appreciates sparkling music and bright comedy by its extensive patronage of the theater. Even on Monday, though all the world appeared to be at Mr. and Mrs. Mowat's At Home, yet when one looked closely certain well-known faces were conspicuous only by their absence. If in search of them one had left the Premier's house early, and then had gone to the Grand Opera House, there in two boxes might they have been found to all appearance oblivious of the joys they were missing, and by their applause and laughter showing very plainly the pleasure they were experiencing.

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On Tuesday night, when I visited the Grand, the house presented that gala appearance which numerous white shirt fronts and bare shoulders always gives it. The audience was packed to the ceiling. I observed many shirt fronts in the front row of the gallery—the best seats in the house if people only knew it. I noticed Miss Mabel Heward, and Mr. Heward, Miss Boulton and Mr. Arthur Boulton: one box was graced by Mrs. Bankes, Mr. David Macpherson and Captain Geddes; another by Miss Manning, Mrs. and Miss Otter and Mr. Sears, while in the orchestra chairs I observed the Misses Merritt and Mr. Hamilton Merritt, Messrs. Hume, Blake and K. Moffatt, Messrs. Gibson, Dennistown, D. Saunders and Browne.

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As I predicted, a drive of nearly three miles each way did not deter very many west end people from being present at Mr. and Mrs. Larratt Smith's At Home last Saturday, while the denizens of Rosedale were, of course, there en masse. The crush of guests was so great that it was only with difficulty one could get from room to room. I soon gave up the attempt, so can only name those people who happened to be fastened in my neighborhood. I saw the Misses Yarker, Mr. Rae, Mr. and Mrs. Osler, the Misses Wragge, Miss Thorburn the Misses Burton and Mr. George Burton, the Misses Cawthra, the Messrs. Cawthra, Mr. and Mrs. Gwynne, Mrs. Heward, and the Misses Heward.

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I enlarged two weeks ago on the charms of the minuet. Would not some such stage dance by ladies and gentlemen properly trained in the costumes of the olden time, make a great hit and draw largely if introduced at a concert in the aid of one or other of our numerous and worthy charities?

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Mrs. James Henderson's dance in honor of her cousin, Miss Mabel Heward, is fixed for the 12th of next month. I remember a charming ball at Mrs. Heward's some years ago, in which her delightful garden played a prominent part, but only enthusiasts will renew their acquaintance with its charms on the present occasion.

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The first requirement of a good waltzer now is triangularity, says an American writer. He bends his neck until his nose projects over his partner's shoulder like the bow of a clipper ship. Then he bends his back so that his coattails project as if he wore a bustle. Next he spreads his hand on the girl's back so that an obverse view of her looks like a map of the Erie Basin. Next he seizes her right hand in his left and crooking his elbow till his arm looks like a section of stovepipe, proceeds to issue forth upon the floor sidewise. I do not know what they call the present style of waltzing, but an appropriate name for it would be the Camel's Trot. Did you ever see a camel trot? Well, he just humps himself for all he can and then wobbles.

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I note by a recent *Detroit Free Press* that some fiend has "invented" what the *Free Press* is pleased to call progressive tennis. Progressive tennis is built on the same lines as that most abominable of modern abominations, progressive euchre. The only difference is that the cards and phrases savor of tennis instead of euchre. I have never played progressive tennis, but I can readily fancy that if there is any one thing in this world more flat, stale and unprofitable than progressive euchre, it is this new monstrosity; and I sincerely trust that it will fall into oblivion with a sull and thickening dud. At the best, progressive tennis is a mere parody. Its "inventor" displays no originality of mind or method, and I hope the people of Toronto will treat this most recent American innovation with the contempt it deserves. We get enough tennis in the summer time, without having it dragged into card-table affairs. We have no patience with these silly attempts to foist stupidity on us. Nature has done enough for us in that respect, without resorting to artificial means.

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Very few women in Toronto understand the use of the word "informally." You are asked to tea informally, and on arriving find the street blocked with carriages, the hall, stairways and drawing-rooms packed, and about half a dozen women assisting the hostess to receive in low-necked and short-sleeved gowns that would look well at the opera. You are asked to luncheon informally, and find the waiters busy as beavers attending to about forty people, and you leave about in time for dinner with your appetite spoiled for twenty-four hours. You are asked to dine very informally, and go in a second season dress or third-rate dress coat. There are lights enough to illuminate the opera house, half a dozen flunkies in the hall, as many more in the dining-room, all the silver in the house on the sideboard and the table a mass of flowers, while the eighteen or twenty who are dining so very informally find that three or four hours are consumed in discussing a *menu* as long as your arm. It is a piece of snobbism that the hostess, in many cases, no doubt, does not mean to be a party to; still, informally suggests "pot luck" pure and simple, and no one can be such a first-class donkey as to believe that anyone thinks the so-called informal entertainment that has racked the hostess' brain for weeks beforehand, is the ordinary mode of living of the house.

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A correspondent writes:

Is the custom of making New Year's calls dying out in Toronto? I know it is out of fashion in some other cities in which I have been. Would it not be a pity to drop this time-honored custom here, as it enables gentlemen to pay their respects to numerous friends to whom, for lack of time, it would be impossible for them to call in the regular way?

TETE-A-TETE.

Old Brantford friends of Dr. Kelly were glad to see his genial visage in Toronto last week.

A large dance was given by Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Turner in Hamilton last evening, which a number of Toronto people attended.

Mrs. Armstrong and Miss Carrie Armstrong, of Ottawa, will spend the winter in Toronto, and have taken a house on McCaul street.

Mr. and Mrs. Cosby will give a youthful dinner party next week. Sir David and Lady Macpherson's dinner on the 29th is also to be young and giddy.

Mrs. W. H. Beatty and daughters will shortly leave Toronto to spend the winter in the south of France, Mrs. Beatty's indifferent health making the change necessary.

Miss Aldwell, who has just returned from New York, attracted a great deal of attention at the dance at Convocation Hall Tuesday evening by her beauty, grace and vivacity.

Miss Jessie McInnes is to be a guest at Government House for Christmas and the ensuing gaieties of the New Year. The Hon. Donald McInnes left town for Montreal last week after a short stay.

Mr. and Mrs. Ince's dinner party on Wednesday was youthful and bright. It included Miss Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Vernon, Miss Thorburn, Miss McCarthy, Miss Otter, and Messrs. Cronyn, Cameron, Fox and Heward.

Mr. W. Hamilton Merritt, who has been managing some mines in the Rockies, and has been away in the west for some months, has doffed his mining garb, and his well-known face is once more seen in the drawing rooms of Toronto.

At a dance given by Mrs. Schreiber at her charming and romantic residence on the rugged banks of the Credit river, among those invited from Toronto were: Mr. Jarvis, Miss Jarvis, Mr. Lawrence Grahame, Miss Susie and Miss Grahame, Mr. Armsby, Miss Blossom Kingsmill, the Misses Allen, the Misses Heward, Dr., Mrs. and Miss Dixie, Miss Scott and Mr. and Mrs. J. Owen.

Out of Town.

MONTREAL.

Sir Donald A. Smith's daughter is betrothed to a very clever and popular young man, Gerard Howard, M.D., F.R.C.S., of London, Eng., and son of Dr. Howard, of Union avenue, one of our leading physicians.

Mrs. Willie Middleton is now in Montreal visiting Mrs. Hamilton, mother of the irrepressible Fen, who is taking out libel actions against the papers for connecting his name with Mrs. Middleton's departure from Ottawa.

The bazaar mania still rages in Montreal to the great disgust and damage of fancy goods and other stores, whose business has been ruined by this absurd mania of fashionable women, who believe in giving vicariously, as it were. The bazaar in the art rooms lately have have been a great financial success, how great has not yet been told. Any way, it was certainly successful in providing a week's unalloyed amusement for the ladies connected with it. These ladies were of the creme de le creme, and got themselves up in the most bewitching medieval costumes and the most bewitchingest smiles, casting a glamor over even the wily reporter, who daily chronicled their attractions in the most madly enthusiastic manner. However, it was not with the gruesome reporter that the fair dames and damels flirted during off hours, and after the bazaar closed to the general public and the mazy dance began.

The opening at the Victoria Rink this year was the poorest for many years. Despite the attraction of the presence of vice-royalty and the sale of single tickets at one dollar each, the attendance was very thin. The hobby horse tournament proved a ridiculous exhibition of good skating under difficulties. The Victoria directors are rather greedy about raking in money and getting as little return as possible. Montreal needs another west-end rink and probably will soon get it. GERVASE.

HAMILTON.

Mrs. Frank Mackelcan, Mrs. Fenwick, Mrs. Geo. Hamilton, Messrs. Alexander and J. J. Egan will sing at the Commercial Travelers' ball on the 28th.

The St. Thomas Church Choir seems to be a hot-bed for matrimony. Two lady members were married last year and next spring no less than four are to be distilled roses, so to speak.

Next spring a popular gentleman of the west end is to marry one of Hamilton's favorite contraltos.

Hamilton enjoys a widespread reputation for for the beauty of its daughters. Every type is represented, from the brunette with soulful eyes to the blonde with ravishing lips and cheeks, from the slender sylph-like form to the more robust amazonian type, which latter is particularly well exemplified in four young ladies in the West End who so evenly divide the claims of grace and form as to be dubbed The Big Four.

LONDON.

The fourth of the Cinderella Club's parties was given at the residence of Mrs. Baynes-Reed on Friday evening last and was largely attended. A very enjoyable evening was spent, it is said, till one o'clock. As at the previous party given by the club, the gentlemen predominated and a dozen or so of them posed about the doorways with quite commendable assiduity.

Probably the largest and most fashionable audience of the season assembled at the opera house last Thursday evening to hear the concert given under the auspices of the Young Men's Liberal Conservative Club. This was by far the most enjoyable concert given here this season. Most of the programme was in the hands of the Detroit Philarmonic Club and its excellence fully sustained its reputation. Mr. Williams, a new local basso, made very favorable impression by his rendering of The Heaving of the Lead, by Garth, and Pinsuti's Message from the King. Mr. Wilson has an unusually fine voice of a most pleasant quality, and with proper cultivation will, no doubt, make a name for himself.

The new slide erected by the London Toboggan Slide Company is probably one of the best in Ontario. Everything necessary to make it a success has been well looked after.

Mr. W. O. Rhodes of the Molson's Bank here has been transferred to the St. Thomas branch. He will occupy the paying tellers' box there.

Mr. H. G. Gates of the Bank of Montreal is at present in Hamilton on sick leave.

The entertainment to be given by the Young Liberal Minstrel Club on Thursday evening promises to be a great success. The sale of seats opened on Monday morning and by ten o'clock hardly a seat was left on the ground floor plan.

OTTAWA.

The Capital skating club is making extensive arrangements for the season.

The first ball of the season will be given under the auspices of the Canoe club at the Russell House, on the 4th of next month. It bids fair to be a success.

The toboggan slides are making great improvements in their slides this year. Both the Oshkosh and Tache have changed their location to some place where there is more land. The Oshkosh has A good staff of officers, with Sir John A. Macdonald for patron and Major McLeod Stewart as honorary president and also Mr. H. Rowatt as a very efficient secretary.

A number of weddings are on the *tapis* for next month. X

ST. THOMAS.

This season promises to be rather a jolly one, dances, teas and entertainments of various kinds following each other in quick succession. Evidently our people do not intend to allow their former reputation of being a lively city to belie itself. The question puzzling most hostesses at present is: "What man can I invite not ask?" The reason for this is the alarming predominancy of the sterner sex.

Mrs. Joseph Mickleborough gave a delightful party for her daughter, Miss Nellie, and niece, Miss Wilkinson of Galt, about a fortnight ago. Miss Mabel Mann came out on that occasion and was the belle of the evening. The London harpers provided music for the dancing.

An informal dance was given recently at Woodlawn, in Mr. Geo. Scott's charming residence, in honor of Miss Gertie Scott, who has been visiting Miss Alma Scott for six weeks past.

The annual bazaar given by the ladies of Trinity church, as is always the case, was a great success, over $200 being cleared. Among the fancy articles noticed was a large pale-blue toque, certainly too i mense to be worn by a lady. Now, which of our gentlemen friends ordered its making? Dame Rumor answered that question, and we may expect to see a fair debonnaire man sport it on the slide this winter. His failings are tumbled fair locks and pale blue.

Mr. J. C. Douglas, the popular accountant in in the Traders Bank, will leave shortly for Manila to assume a responsible position in the branch of the bank there. Mr. Dunbar of Ridgetown will fill the vacancy here. MAUDE.

INGERSOLL.

Our genial and popular young doctor, Mr. Fred D. Caufield, was married on the 13th inst. to Miss Florence Noxon, daughter of Mr. James Noxon of this place. The ceremony was performed at St. James' church, Rev. E. M. Saunders officiating. The church was crowded to the doors. The bride was supported by her cousin, Miss Ella Stinson, and Mr. W. C. Noxon, brother of the bride, acted as groomsman. The happy couple left on the 12 o'clock train for New York. Among the invited guests were the Misses Stinson of this town, Mr. G. A. Stinson, Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. James Caufield, Woodstock, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Caufield, and Miss Tisdale of Simcoe.

I learn on good authority that the Masons intend giving a grand ball next month. We are looking forward to it with great pleasure as the Masonic balls have in past years been the most select events of the season.

Quite a number of our young people are going out to the Young Men's Assembly in Tillsonburg, which is to be held on the 28th.

We have been afflicted of late with a lot of poor dramatic companies, composed of the worst lot of barn-stormers it has ever been Ingersoll's misfortune to behold. Even the great J. B. Murphy has been with us in Shaun Rhue. This man is able to gather in the shekels of people in small towns on his brother's reputation, while his men with the bottom notes and one-half his size have to sling the pick-axe.

I am sorry to learn that Mr. Adam B. Cassweld has gone to Guelph for the winter. He will be greatly missed.

On Tuesday evening, the 13th inst., in company with about fifty others, I listened to one of the best concerts given here in years. The music was of the highest class and merited an overflowing house. The singing of Miss Dodge and Mr. Alabaster was especially good. Besides these two, the following ladies and gentlemen took part: Miss Jury, Mrs. Jury, Mrs. McLellan, and Messrs. Dunnett, Jury, McLellan, Upper, Foxton, Menhinnick and Bislop. UNO.

CHATHAM.

A general meeting of the dramatic club took place last week. It was proposed and carried that the club should be called The Forest Club. Officers were appointed and a committee chosen to select plays and carry on the business generally.

A very enjoyable At Home was given by Mrs. Beatty last week at her residence on Victoria avenue. We are greatly indebted to Mrs. Beatty, who makes a charming hostess, for having contributed to the pleasure, as these affairs have a happy way of bringing about many friendly meetings. The At Home was given in honor of Miss Mercer, a guest of Sheriff Mercer.

Mrs. Moore's At Homes on Friday evenings are very popular, dancing being the chief amusement. The Miss Moores are also dance beautifully, add much to the pleasure of their guests.

Mr. Plumer, inspector of the Federal Bank, paid a short visit here on Friday last. NEMO.

SEASIDE MURMURINGS.

The invitation of the editor in the first number of SATURDAY NIGHT induces me to send a few jottings from the seaside. Not long ago I read in one of our local papers an indignant protest against the use of the phrase "Down by the sea," the irate writer claiming that it should long ago have given place to the graveyard. But, do as we will, we live in the province by the sea, and we must put up with it. I shall, therefore, offer no apology for styling my notes Seaside Murmurings.

We Bluenoses sometimes get credit for being rather conceited. So we may be. We are quite proud of our magnificent harbors, our wealth of minerals and fish and our other natural advantages, although they are not of our own making. But in those affairs in which brain and muscle and energy tell we are not behind. To public affairs Nova Scotia gave such men as Howe, Tupper and Thompson; to educational matters the names of Dawson, Grant and Schuman shine forth brilliantly. Towards the development of our literature Nova Scotia has done as much as any other province, and in this connection I cannot refrain from mentioning a few couples of Bluenose literary lions. Sam Slick's fame is world-wide; young Prof. Roberts has achieved greater success, perhaps, in the field of poetic literature than any other Canadian; Mr. Arthur Crofton is author of The Major's Big Talk Stories, a book which was well received by the English reviewers; Dr. Bourinot has written with great success on parliamentary law, while as occasional contributors to magazine and newspaper literature will be found a number of our prelates, Archbishop O'Brien, M. J. Griffin, "Vivien," P. S. Hamilton and a host of others.

The Nova Scotia Historical Society is doing excellent work in the way of collecting information relative to the early settlement of the Lower Provinces. Mr. A. G. Archibald's recent paper on The Expulsion of the Acadians excited much interest, and gave occasion to a keen controversy between the gallant Knight and Archbishop O'Brien. Judge Weatherbe read a paper during the year giving a history of the Maine boundary question and showing in the clearest manner how the British negotiators were outwitted by the great American diplomatist, Daniel Webster. J. J. Stewart, of *The Herald*, contributed an essay on Early Journalism in Nova Scotia, in which the fact is established that Halifax gave birth to the first newspaper published in Canada. A number of other papers are promised in the near future.

I see the town of Barrie claims the distinction of giving Toronto three of its foremost barristers. Barrie has its analogue in Antigonish, to which Halifax owes three of our foremost lawyers—Messrs. Graham, Harrington and Henry, Q.C's.

Mr. W. A. Henry of the Canadian cricket team has just been admitted into a leading law firm of Halifax. He is a son of Judge Henry of Ottawa, and is rather a many-sided young man. A well-known sporting gentleman lately informed the writer that Henry was unsurpassed in America as an all-round athlete. But he excels in more than cricket, football, etc. He has considerable musical talent, and only the other day he argued with much force an important insurance case before the Vice-Admiralty Court. FRANK.

AURORA.

The first assembly of the season was held in Will's new hall on Thursday evening of last week and was a very enjoyable affair. The following guests were present: Toronto—Miss Perryman, Mr. Frank Douglas, Mr. N. Hillary, Miss Agnes Nicol, Mar. McCaffrey, Mr. Dick, Mr. Norman McLeod, Mr. H. Hillary, Mr. Welch. Newmarket—Mr. Brunton, Mr. Mr. Irving, and Mr. Ramsay. Oak Ridge—Miss McLeod. Aurora—Miss Lipper, Mr. Bell, Miss Meyers, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Steele, Misses Tracy, Mr. Nicol, Mrs. Hall, Dr., Mrs. and Misses Hillary, Misses Fry, Mr. and Mrs. Nelson, Dr. and Mrs. Coulter, Miss Lennox, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Robinson, Mr. H. W. Fleury, Mr. W. J. Fleury, Miss Nellie Hartman, Mrs. and Miss Wells, Mr. W. C. Willis, Mr. J. M. Willis, Mr. Geo. Willis, the Misses Willis, Mr. Harry McLeod, Mr. W. Yule, Mrs. G. Robinson and Mr. W. E. Wheadon. It is expected that other entertainments of a similar character will soon be announced, and there will be even more life than usual in Aurora's social circle this winter.

MILLBROOK.

On Monday evening we had a very fashionable audience in the Town Hall, which was crowded to the doors. The occasion was a concert in aid of the organ fund of the Episcopal church here. The performers were Miss Howden, Miss Anna Howden, Miss Brent, Mrs. Wm. C. Allen, Mr. Schuch, Mr. Fenwick and Mr. Anderson. Among the audience were Rev. Rural Dean and Mrs. Allen, Rev. W. C. and Mrs. Allen, Dr. and Mrs. Turner, Mr. and the Misses Turner, Miss Cooper, Mr. and Mrs. Wood, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Kalls, Capt. Windsor, Mr. Curry, Mr. and Mrs. Hutchins, Major and Mrs. Howden. Social matters are looking up, and I shall soon have some nice parties to chronicle. ALPHA.

CORNWALL.

Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Mulhern will return from their wedding tour this week. Their marriage was a most pleasant affair. It took place at the residence of Mr. James Liddel, on Wednesday week. Mr. Mulhern, who is collector of inland revenue and a town councillor, is one of the best known and most popular of Cornwall's young men.

The ladies of St. John's church gave one of their pleasant entertainments in the town hall, last week. On both evenings the hall was crowded. A substantial sum was realized by the venture.

The weekly rehearsals of the Choral Union are developing the musical strength of the community. The Union is composed of the best singers in town, led by Mr. George H. Beaudoin leader of St. John's church choir.

Osgoode Hall Debate.

The second public debate this season of the Osgoode Literary and Legal Society took place in Osgoode Hall on Tuesday evening last. A large number of guests accepted invitations, and Convocation Hall was crowded to the door. Probably the words "Impromptu Dance" on the bottom of the invitations induced a large number of the fair sex to attend than otherwise would have done. Marcicano's orchestra was stationed in the gallery and discoursed music at intervals. Owing to the unavoidable absence of the president, Mr. Fullerton, through family affliction, the inaugural address was given by the vice-president, Mr. F. Gregory. The chair was taken by Hon. Mr. Justice Falconbridge, who filled the duties in a happy manner. After a few introductory remarks by the chairman, a Shakesperian reading, Clarence's Dream, was given by Mr. Cuylea Hastings. Mr. Hastings displayed a good deal of dramatic force, and was loudly applauded on resuming his seat.

The piece de resistance on the programme was a debate on the question, "Resolved, that Trades Unions are Beneficial to Workingmen." The affirmative was upheld by Mr. J. H. Melfitsh and Mr. J. A. Macdonald, who endeavored to show the great benefits resulting to workingmem by being members of the Knights of Labor and other trades unions. The negative was supported by Mr. J. T. Delaney and Mr. W. W. Vickers. Mr. Webb dwelt at some length upon the great losses sustained by both the workingmen and the employers in the rough strikes, and pointed out very clearly that trades unions were diametrically opposed to the interests of their members and the community at large. Mr. Vickers, who seemed to have difficulty with his notes, followed briefly. The chairman then summed up the arguments adduced by the speakers and asked the audience whom he called "this large and intelligent jury" to give their decision solely upon the arguments advanced and not upon any preconceived ideas. The audience, by a considerable majority, decided in favor of the negative. A vote of thanks was tendered the chairman by Vice-president Gregory. He took occasion to congratulate His Lordship upon his elevation to the bench, and alluded to him as the friend of the students. His Lordship replied feelingly. Convocation Hall was then cleared, the great majority remaining for the dance, which lasted from 10.30 to 12.30. Refreshments were served in the lunch room during the evening. The elegance of the ladies' costumes was generally remarked. The affair was the most successful in the history of the society. Among the large number present were: Mr. Justice Falconbridge and Mrs. Falconbridge, Lieut.-Col. Gray, Mrs. Gray, the Misses Gray, Mr. James Ireland, Miss Laura Ireland, Miss Thompson, Miss Kate Thompson, Miss Proudfoot, Miss Osler, Miss Carlyle, Miss Maule, Miss Allen, Miss Aldwell, Miss MacKinnon, Miss Holt, Miss Woodbridge, Miss Irvine, Miss Weatherston, Miss and Mr. Todd, the Misses Todd, Miss Dickson, Miss May Dawson, Miss Morson, Mr. Chadwick, Miss Chadwick, Miss Arnold, Mr. Langmuir, Miss Langmuir, Mr. Boulton, Miss Boulton, Mr. Swaybee, the Misses Swaybee, Mr. and Mrs. Stracey Lake, Mr. Ernest M. Lake, Mr. Alfred Jones, Mr. Frederick Jones, Mr. Elliott, Mr. A. J. Arnold, Mr. W. A. Smith, Miss Smith, Mr. W. Langley, Lieut. Sears, Miss Otter, Miss J. F. Gregory, Mr. J. H. McMahon, Mr. H. Ludwig, Mr. Sidney Greene, Mr. W. M. Rose, Mr. Holman, Mr. W. H. P. Clement, Mr. Arch. Barker, Miss Barker, Mr. Widdowson, Mr. W. Nassau Irwin, Mr. Edson Fletcher, Miss Fletcher, Miss Vale, Mr. R. D. Sanson, Mr. T. R. Ferguson, Miss Wylie, Mr. R. C. Donald, Miss Donald, Miss Hastings, Mr. W. J. Wallace, Mr. Cuyler Hastings, Mr. T. Hastings.

Still They Come.

Toronto's progress and constant development is shown in no one way more than in its steady absorption of manufacturers and merchants from other Canadian cities and towns. The latest of these acquisions is the long-established and well-known furniture firm of G. W. Tickell & Co. of Belleville, who have just opened out at 108 and 110 King street west. If Toronto keeps on this way, by-and-by, Canada will be one big city and Toronto will be its name.

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Clergyman—My boy, you were very naughty to run away. Don't you know the way of the transgressor?

Boy—Yes; towards Canada.

An Evening With the Gods.

Come back a few months. I don't remember the exact date, but I know it was some time last season—and by season I mean the dramatic season. It was Saturday evening, the Toronto Opera House was the place, and N. S. Wood the actor—excuse me, the performer.

I don't recall what Wood played and it doesn't make any difference now. It was something at any rate in which he posed as a bootblack. I am positive about that, because early in the evening he moaned more than once at the hard and cruel fate which compelled one of his transcendent, if uncultured, genius to shine brogans for a living. As the performance developed, however, it was seen that he did not propose permitting Fate's heavy hand to keep its relentless grip on him. He neglected the boot-blacking industry, and devoted his attention to rescuing lovely maidens, exposing blood-thirsty villains, and doing other things of a romantic and unconventional nature, until he finally wound up by seeing all the villains safely arrested, while he married the loviest of the lovely maidens, who being rich and of noble ultramarine blood, with refined tastes and feelings, naturally loved the snuffle-nosed gamin with the same ripe, if somewhat slobbery affection that characterizes the young woman who flits with her papa's coachman. She was given to reading Swinburne and Mrs. Browning, and his soul was attuned to what professors of the variety stage call "de song 'n' dance biz," something after this fashion:

Strolling on the woodland green,
Tra-la-la, tra-la-la, tra-la-la.
Sweetest girl youse ever seen,
Tra-la-a-la-a,
Oh 'twuz there I met my pretty little charmer,
Her eyes jest took de bun,
I tried hard not to alarm her
But I kissed her jest for fun.
(Dance.)

It struck me that when the rough edges got worn off their matrimonial bliss, and they began to have a dim realization once again that life held some things beyond kisses and baby talk, they would return to their own pursuits, and by a felicitous blending of Swinburne, Browning and song and dance music, they would be able to do a song-and-dance "turn" of superior merit, made rounded and complete by their divine and rapturous love.

But it is not of the performance that I intended to write, and if I have digressed somewhat, it is merely to put before you an idea of the stage picture that greeted me. The play was trashy and sensational to a degree, and full of the blood-curdling situations that have a peculiar charm for the average small boy, especially if he has reached that age when his soul revels in dime novels and pluck. It is small wonder, then, that on this particular evening the top gallery of the theater was packed with the little street arabs, who were watching the performance in an ecstatic delight, a condition quite apparent from their loud applause, frequent cat-calls and shrill whistlings.

Obeying a wild impulse, which I regretted ten minutes afterwards, I mounted the long stairs that led to the gallery, and by a good deal of rough elbowing managed to push myself down near the rail. My progress was marked by a procession of oaths that made even my tolerably hardened ears quiver, and I was rather thankful than otherwise when a solid bank of ragged humanity formed before me and barred my further progress.

Here it was suffocatingly warm. The curtain was down and the orchestra was tripping through a lively gallop in which the dull drone of the big fiddle throbbed with the regularity of a healthy pulse. The flaring gas overhead and below seemed to burn through a bluish mist that was hot and dry. The heat itself was almost stifling, and the air I was breathing made me wonder how long it would be before I would have an attack of malarial fever. I had just begun to realize this when somebody's hand hit me a resounding whack on the shoulder, and a juvenile voice said gruffly:

"Aw, git out uv de way er I'll giv' yer a tump in de neck."

I turned to discover my assailant, but the two or three lads immediately behind me looked meeker than Moses. Nothing resulting from the scrutiny, I resumed my former posture. Then ensued this dialogue:

"Sy, Simpsey, wot's his nobs doin' here?"
"Seein' de show, I guess."
"Well, wot's he mean by gittin' in de way?"

Simpsey replied to this question with a laconic grunt, and the questioner muttered soto voce, "I'l wuz ez biger chump ex some fellers I know, jow bet I wouldn't go pokin' my nose around no teater, *I* wouldn't." This withering remark failing to crush me, as was evidently intended, the speaker continued: "I know a feller wot kin give enother feller I know de bigges' trashin' he ever got, 'n' doncher make no bloomin' queer about it nuther."

What might have followed this outburst I was left hopelessly ignorant of, for the next minute the orchestra stopped playing and the curtain rose amid a storm of shrill whistling from the little ragamuffins around me. There was a sudden upward movement among those who could not see distinctly, and this caused a wild howl of, "Sit down, can't yer?" from the sweltering crowd behind.

In compliance with the somewhat crude request I assumed a half-sitting, half kneeling posture, and, to steady myself, put my hands on the back of the lad in front of me, who was too much engrossed in the performance to notice the pressure.

I have no desire to libel that boy. I don't want to say anything to hurt his feelings or to make him feel bad. I daresay he had washed himself once, but it was 'way back in the happy past when he was years younger and guileless. But recently he had had a bitter quarrel with brown soap and rain water, and they had not associated, a fact which my twin sense of sight and smell very quickly informed me of. He had a rather pathetic face, this urchin. The cheeks were hollow and flushed a little, the eyes bright and unusually large, as are those of the consumptive; but the boy was rugged and healthy apparently, for his shrill treble was ever the loudest and foremost in those peculiar cat-calls the gods delight in.

Suddenly he got into an altercation with the lad next him over the peculiar significance of some stage business. Presently:

"Yer a liar."
"I ain't."
"Y'ar."
"I kin lickyer."
"Can't."
"By ——, I'll do it 'f yer say much."
"Yes, y' kin talk big in here. Wait till I getcher outside 'n' I kin give yer all de scrappin' y' want."
"Aw, jes' you come outside 'n' I'll plug yer snoot fer yer."
"Say, dry up, sonny. You make me tired."
"Here, youse fellers, shet up, er I'll crack yer both in de smeller. Whatcher breakin' up de show fer?"

This from a larger boy in front, who turned about to glare savagely at the angry elements. Having delivered himself of these few remarks with a becoming oracularity, he fixed his eyes on the stage again.

The combatants relapsed into mutterings, savage and sincere, but before this had lasted long the boy with the pathetic face struck his companion a savage blow on the cheek. In an instant all was confusion. Every boy in the gallery got on his feet and the air was filled with hoarse cries of "Put 'em out, put 'em out!" The two contestants had grappled and were wrestling savagely. The crowd pressed around so closely that I envied the homely sardine and his joyless existence in a tin can. The fight bid fair to become general and assume serious proportions, when a portly constable pushed his way rudely down the aisle and grasping the pugilistic urchins, led them forth. I followed in the wake. Outside I drew a deep draught of fresh air and involuntarily thanked Heaven that I was not a street arab. I buttoned up my coat and felt in my pocket for my handkerchief and gloves. They were gone. SPIFF.

Chat From The 'Varsity.

Prof. Maurice Hutton, the central figure in the classical department, is building a new house in the park. This is the orthodox procedure for the paterfamilias with a youthful son and heir to found a family seat.

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Mr. H. R. Fairclough, who has recently been appointed lecturer in classics, is making his lectures very interesting to the students. The elegant translations for which he was admired during his undergraduate course now fall musically upon the ears of the youthful classic. Mr. Fairclough's engagement as lecturer at the University is not the only engagement in which he is a principal.

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Miss Keys, who has spent a considerable time in Europe, is now taking the first year of her undergraduate course. She has already acquired a fluency in the French and German languages which is seldom obtained except by a lengthened residence on the continent.

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Miss Madge R. Robertson, who is so well known in 'Varsity circles, has displayed to high advantage another of her accomplishments at the Hamilton Institute, where she has been teaching under the eye of examiners. Her lessons are said by graduates who were taking the same course, to have been most cleverly given and to have won for her the highest commendation.

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Many rumors have been current to the effect that the building now known as Moss Hall is to be re-modeled and fitted up for the use of the new Medical Faculty. The history of the building is interesting. Some one began writing a tragedy with the main events transpiring in and around this old Medical School, where it seems some blood-curdling scenes were enacted in the city's earlier history, when the present park and University grounds were a bleak and wild forest. Those were the days when points of honor were settled by revolvers for two and coffee for one, a plan then occasionally resorted to, as Toronto's oldest citizens know, but which most of the present generation have never heard of as a Canadian institution. However, the writer of the aforesaid tragedy has not finished it yet. It is possible that in its pages many dark deeds will be brought to light. Last week the keepers of the sacred owl, the guardian of the 'Varsity sanctum, in view of their being soon, in all probability, driven from their present comfortable quarters, decided to have the mantel of the sanctum photographed. A cut will probably appear in the Christmas number of the paper, and on it will be noticed many quaint and grotesque carvings and inscriptions, besides a most interesting collection of photos which had from time to time been pasted on the wall.

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The session at the training institutes has closed. A. W. Stratton, '85, met many old friends at the 'Varsity this week.

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The Literary Society is in doubt what course to follow in the event of being ousted from Moss Hall. The College Council in its wisdom has not seen fit to make any revelations so far. If they remain under its fostering wing, it is probable some place other will be selected. Others are in favor of the bolder plan of moving down town and thus settling the difficulty. The majority of the members, however, are inclined to keep up the connection with the college in spite of all minor troubles, which seems to be the wiser plan. There is no reason why there should be anything but harmony between the two.

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Indignation meetings have been held among the undergraduates on the subject of granting railway passes for those leaving for the holidays. The president, it appears, refused passes until the end of the college term, the 22nd. This did not suit the wishes of certain undergraduates, who forthwith proceeded to hold meetings and—held meetings. The action of the president is commendable. The college term is not too long. Some of the undergraduates assume that he is authoritative a tone, judging from the spirit in which the meetings were called.

TOGA.

Some Entertainments.

On Tuesday evening I dropped in at the performance of the Willing Workers in the school-house of St. Luke's church, where the musical pantomime, Mistletoe Bough and the comedietta, All for Sweet Charity, were played. The pantomime came first, and while I have no desire to throw cold water on the efforts of those who went to so much trouble to produce it, I really think the pantomime was poor compensation for their arduous exertions. The costumes were excellent and the wigs good, but the waits were long and tedious, as is generally the case with amateur performances. By this time amateurs should have realized that if it always takes half-an-hour or more than they calculated on to get ready, they should delude themselves with the idea that the performance begins at 7:30, and by that means be ready for the footlights at 8.

Another poorly arranged matter was the solo singing. The solos were given to Miss Maud Gilmour, who has a clear and rich soprano voice and sang with much feeling and expression, but she sang against the curtain instead of in front, the consequence being that half the beauties of her song were lost. In future entertainments this should be remedied, and it might not be a bad scheme to introduce music during the long waits. The characters in the pantomime were cleverly portrayed by Miss Gates, Miss Wadsworth, Mr. E. Langtry, Mr. R. B. Beaumont and Mr. Hart.

The comedietta was the redeeming feature of the performance. It was bright and sparkling and the characters were well sustained. This was the cast:

Mrs. Porter Primrose, amateur playwright ..... Miss Hill
Miss Marion Butler, amateur star ..... Miss Gilmour
Miss Dora Delavan, another ..... Miss Murray
Miss Anne Adams, still another ..... Miss Dunting
Miss Bessie Barney, yet another ..... Miss Birnie
Mr. Bertie Raymond, fiance of Miss Butler ..... Mr. Morrison
Mr. Thespo Thatch, stage manager of the Comedie Americaine ..... Mr. Dunstan
Mr. Freddie Pen, of the Weekly Scribe ..... Mr. D. Cowan

I do not know whether all the young ladies who took part in this performance belong to the congregation of St. Luke's, but if they do I must congratulate that parish on having within its bounds some of the prettiest young ladies I have seen in Toronto, or, indeed, anywhere, and I think it would puzzle the anxious seamster after beauty to find such another galaxy of pretty girls in one little play. So far as I have seen, these young ladies certainly take the palm. The gentlemen acted creditably; the stage arrangements were good, and the grouping effective. I understand there is a possibility of the performance being repeated at an early date at Holy Trinity. S

MUSIC AND READINGS.

An evening of readings and music was given at the College street Presbyterian church last Tuesday by Miss Jessie Alexander, R. M., Mr. Charles Kelly and Mr. Herbert L. Clarke. The attendance was large and the entertainment was in every way a pronounced success. Miss Alexander's elocutionary powers were never shown to better advantage. Mr. Kelly was in excellent voice and his rich basso rang in the ears of his hearers long after they had left the building. And Mr. Clarke's cornet solos were equally admirable and admired. Mr. W. J. McNally was the accompanist. The entertainment was one of the pleasantest given in the northwest portion of the city for some time.

AT LORETTO ABBEY.

The performance of Costanza by the pupils of Loretto Abbey, assisted by a few of the ex-pupils, last week, proved an artistic success. The drama was cleverly portrayed by the following young ladies of the seminary: The Misses King Dodds, Kerr, Hilton, Cameron and Tronce. The audience was agreeably surprised at the manner in which the young ladies acquitted themselves, the usual awkwardness and amateurish defects being conspicuously absent. The members of the dramatic club have another play in rehearsal, which will be presented shortly after the Christmas vacation.

CARLTON STREET METHODIST CHURCH.

On Friday evening of last week the Mission Band held their annual sale of fancy work in the church parlors, which were tastily decorated for the occasion. High tea was served by the ladies, from 6 to 8 o'clock, after which those present inspected the different departments and were treated to an impromptu musicale. A principal attraction was the Japanese booth, where the Chinese lanterns threw soft light around the Oriental palms and enhanced the beauty of the fair vendors of Inviling wares. Near the Japanese booth "Ye Olde Ladyes" were disposing of confectionery and do is, calculated to make glad the hearts of the coming generation, while close by sat a Gypsy Queen dispensing ice cream. This department was particularly successful, for, as one of the dear girls afterwards confessed, they had an extra stick in the furnace, just to accelerate matters. On a table in the east end of the building was arranged all manner of fancy work, both useful and ornamental, the result of much diligence on the part of the members of the band. This table claimed a large share of attention, the work being in such great demand that the ladies were able to report it all sold by 10 o'clock. On all sides were heard favorable comments on the pleasing and skilful manner in which the ladies had conducted their sale, and on the good work they are doing for the cause of missions.

A POUND CONCERT.

A novel entertainment was held in the school house of the Church of the Redeemer last Tuesday evening, when a pound concert was given to which an admission fee was charged of 25 cents, or a pound or more of some edibles, the entire proceeds being for the poor of the parish. A snug sum was realized, besides some 1,100 pounds of eatables of every description. Some of the gifts were funny. One consisted of a prepared ox-heart which was accompanied by the following verse:

Our parson said, if you can't attend,
I pray you there to lend a hand.
This one of love I fear has nothing,
I'lll guarantee its full of stuffing,
Then let him, who eats this heart, thus say,
Accept "heart-felt" thanks on Xmas day.

The programme was made up of music and readings by the Misses Floyd, Blackwood, Coleman and Lester, and Messrs. Schuch, Coleman, Read, Hirchfelder, Fairclough and an octette from the University Glee Club.

A CONCERT OF COLLEGE STREET.

A very successful concert was given at the College street Baptist church on Tuesday evening. Among the noteworthy features of the programme were recitations by Miss A. M. Clunn and Miss Wallace, readings by Messrs. McLeod and Mills, and solos by Miss Howard and Mr. Abercrombie. Mr. Meadows occupied the chair. A liberal collection in aid of the Sunday school was taken up.

Cyclorama.

The great Battle of Sedan offers, as an extra inducement to all those who visit this entertainment on Christmas and New Year's Day, exact photographic copies of the battlefield, and to children a handsome box of fine candies. This offer is open for Christmas and New Year's Day only—on Saturday nights from 7 to 10:30, the admissiofl is only 25 cents. To all those who have not seen the great battle, we would recommend a visit. This grand picture is a fixture, and deservedly ranks as one of the principal places of interest within the city. Its fame as a historic picture and an example of grandeur in perspective painting is not alone confined to Toronto and its beautiful suburbs, but extends throughout the United States. It is the largest cyclorama in the world, measuring fully 500 feet in length and 50 feet in height, and is the work of eminent European artists. To visitors to the city we take an e-pecial pride in commending it to their inspection, for it has the rare merit of amusing the mind and instructing it thoroughly in that which is historic. There is no place in the city that treats its guests with more courtesy, and its attendants seem to take pleasure in making a visitor feel that he is at home. The lecturer is an able one and describes with vivid force, and eloquent language this great battle—the second Waterloo for France.

Their Annual Ball.

The fourth annual ball and supper of Toronto Division No. 17, Order of Railway Conductors, will be held in Shaftesbury Hall on Monday evening, January 2. Elaborate arrangements are being made for the affair, and the prospects are that it will os one of the best and most thoroughly enjoyable balls the local division has ever held.

He Didn't See.

A Somerset business man not long since had occasion to write to a gentleman who evidently had few correspondents. The envolope had the usual "Return in ten days to Mr. — , Somerset, Ky.," on it. In about ten days the letter came back to him, accompanied by a scrawling note, the writer saying that he "had returned the letter according to the request on the envelope, though he didn't see why he was so all-fired particular about having it sent back."—*Somerset (Ky.) Republican.*

We Have Them in Toronto.

A messenger boy came leisurely up the stairs and knocked for one of the writers in the editorial rooms. He was shown the gentleman.

"I say," he said: "did you send a boy up to Turk street a month ago?"

"Yes, has he got back yet?"

It dawned upon even the messenger boy, and he grinned so he could hardly say there was some question about an old message.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

DANCING

Prof Davis' Private Academy, 80 Wilton Avenue.

Branch Academy, The Pupils' Drawing-room, Grand Opera House.

A Special Class of Juveniles (misses and masters) meet every Saturday morning, 10 to 11 o'clock, in the Pupils drawing-room; specialties at this class. The "Court Minuet" (so much admired at the Kirmess last spring), "Mazlette Minuet," "Home Circle Minuet," and "Gavotte figure," "Octagon," &c., also all standard dances. The class numbers now 80 pupils, from the best families. Absolutely select. All standard fashionable dances, including the newest round dance, the "Bronco" (music and dance by Prof. Davis), taught in private and class lessons at the Academy, 80 Wilton ave.

PROF. DAVIS.

CHINA HALL

49 King Street East, Toronto.

FOR CHRISTMAS AND HOLIDAYS

Royal Worcester Dinner Sets,
Crown Derby Dinner and Dessert Sets,
Doulton Dinner and Dessert Sets,
Royal Worcester Vases and Ornaments,
Crown Derby Vases and Ornaments,
Doulton Vases and Ornaments,
Fish and Game Sets and Game Pie Plates,
Oyster Tureens and Oyster Plates,
Cheese Tubs, Muffin and Toast Covers,
Fancy Jugs, Teapots and Coffeepots,
Rodgers' Knives and Carvers,
Tea Trays and Dish Mats.

GLOVER HARRISON

IMPORTER.

LADIES!

If you want to get good reliable articles in the line of

HAIR GOODS

The PARIS HAIR WORKS is the place to go to.

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Everything in the latest and most improved styles. Fine lines in Hair Ornaments, Bracelets, Brooches, &c., in real Amber, Garnet, Ivory, Jet, Shell, Rhinestone, &c. Choice designs in Ostrich Feather Fans, new and neat. Just opening our Christmas Stock of English, French, German and American Fancy Goods.

Now is the time to call and see them before selecting your holiday presents.

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The Most Reliable Hair Works in Canada.

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TOYS, GAMES AND FANCY GOODS,

Now on view in our establishment. Call early and make your selections. We could not begin to accommodate the crowds who visited Old Santa Claus' Headquarters last Christmas.

Presents for everybody and anybody, all ages and all temperaments at

QUA & CO.'S

Toronto Toy and Game Emporium.

49 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO.

BABY LINEN

Infants' Night Gowns, 40c., 49c., 65c.
Infants' Day Gowns, 75c., 85c., $1, $1.25, $1.55.
Infants' Yoke Morning Dresses, $1.85, $2, $2.50, $3, $3.75, $4.75, $5.75.
Infants' Robes, $2.35, $2.55, $3, $3.75, $3.95, $4.25 up.
Infants' Baricotes, $1, $1.35, $1.55, $1.75, $2.
Infants' Baricotes, beautifully embroidered, $3.75, $4.25, $4.75, $5.25 up.
Infants' Long Flannel Skirts, $2, $2.35, $2.50.
Infants' Head-squares, $1, $1.25, $1.55, $1.75, $2.45, $2.75 up.
Infants' Long Cambric Skirts, 75c., $1, $1.25, $1.55, $1.75 up.
Infants' Flannel Bands, Swathes and Nursery Squares.
Puffs, Powder Boxes, Brushes, etc.

PAGE & PAGE

206 and 208 Yonge Street.

Bridget—Wud ye plaze answer me wan question, mum?
Mistress—Certainly. What is it?
Bridget—Well, mum, me an' Mariar was disputin' wan wuz thim in the pictur over the mantel.
Mistress—Why, Bridget, those are Raphael's Cherubs.
Bridget—Och, thin, the two ov us wus wrong intirely; I said they wuz twins an' Mariar said they wuz bats.

THE EVENT OF THE SEASON.

OUR GREAT REDUCTION SALE OF

Ladies', Misses' and Children's Mantles

Over Fifty Thousand Dollars Worth at Cost for the Next Thirty Days.

This is a thoroughly genuine sale at reduced prices. Our stock is much larger than it ought to be, and must be turned into CASH BY JANUARY 1st, 1888. This is a grand opportunity for Bargains.

S. Pittman & Co

Manufacturers and Importers, 218 Yonge St. and 488 Queen St. West.

The Queen of Hearts.

It goes without saying that everybody likes to be admired, and those who boast that they do not care whether they are liked or not betray the fact that they like to be admired for not caring for admiration.

The poet's verse is written to stir other souls than his or it would not be written. He desires the flame in his own soul to touch the hearts of others, and he signs his name to the poem that those who read may love him for his song's sake.

The philosopher and the statesman live that their names shall not die, but be remembered and revered. The patriot who gives up his life for his country hopes to be loved for his noble deeds, and the thought that fires the soldier's heart is the hope that a nation will admire him.

The novelist would conceal his identity were it not for his natural vanity, but he, too, demands homage and the admiration his ability commands. The inventor, the manufacturer, the publisher, all want to achieve supremacy and are not slow to ask the world to admire.

Is it strange, then, that women, whose sphere is limited, should struggle for supremacy in the feminine world—the world of fashion, beauty and gaiety? Is it unnatural that they should demand conquests and seek for victories in the combat of charms and the battle of hearts? Mankind has taught woman that she is either a toy or a slave—sometimes the one and then the other. Even in this nineteenth century men are jealous of any attempt on the part of the fair sex to assume the responsibilities of the professions, or even attempt that small part of the government of the country which is the privilege of those who hold the ballot.

With no world to conquer but that of society, women long to find the victories which the drawing room can give and to taste the sweets which adoration brings. No woman can be a reigning belle who lacks genius, magnetism, or that something which in an orator forces us to listen and in an actor or painter makes us look. The most famous women and noted belles have something about them which is recognized as undescribable and as such is felt to be irresistible. The great orators, actors, painters and musicians have a power we can feel but cannot imitate or describe, and the same is true of women who reign in the drawing rooms, or, through force of beauty or intellectuality, rule over men, even in palaces and parliaments, as many women have done who seemed to those outside the influence of their charms no brighter or more beautiful than others of their sex who were content with being queen of some happy home.

When a woman outside of the mystic circle of society and unlearned in other and perhaps more noble means of supremacy afforded by art, literature and the drama, feels within herself the strange impulse to rule she must either find a home in which to wield her scepter, or the chances are that she will become an adventuress, who, in seeking to rule so often ruin and go down in the wreck they cause.

For these and the selfish reasons that men, like moths, delight in being singed in the flames of beauty, the belle of the drawing room is the queen of hearts, though, unlike the home bird, she may never be really the empress of one loyal loving heart. It is a place which fashionable woman-kind seeks as the bee does the flower, and yet it is the blossom of the bitter-sweet, the apple of ashes.

No merchant watches his wares as she does her charms; no banker is so cautious of his debtors as she with her devotees; no miser hords his gold as the belle does her beauty; no painter has wrought with more wildly desperate genius to paint the rainbow than has the ruling woman of fashion sought to outshine her rivals, and no diplomatist can conceive the delicate arts she has used to make the world yield to her sway.

If, then, beauty, to hold court, must have brains and ambition, she must suffer with genius and feel the acutest bitterness of defeat and the torture of ceaseless combat which poison the lives of those who "go out to battle."

The sleepless nights and restless watchfulness of the politician come as well to the belle of society who has her constituency to hold and her government to support. Pleasure becomes a profession, and balls, parties, receptions parts of her toil as inexorable as is the routine of the struggling scholar or ambitious professional man. The success of her rivals alarm her as much as the growing popularity of an opposing house alarms the great merchant whose business is slipping away from him. She plans like a general, and marches and counter-marches like a field marshal! And in all this there is weariness and vexation of spirit which ache like poison in the marrow and dull the joys which conquests bring.

Is it worth it? As easy to answer: "Is life worth living?" No one will pause either to inquire whether the joys make the sorrows endurable, but they will live on just the same, each one working out the problem for herself or himself, hiding, if they are wise, their wry faces when their lips touch the wormwood or their hearts feel the arrow of regret.

That there are always belles and many aspirants for the proud distinction is proof that the joy of it is alluring, and mankind should not be sorry, for a thing of beauty is a joy forever and there is no beauty like that of a beautiful woman.

Christmas in the Churches.

From the following list of Christmas programmes, it will be seen that there is no dearth of musical ambition in Toronto. In nearly every one of its hundred and odd churches there is a well-directed effort to provide good music by an efficient choir. The quality of the organists is steadily improving, and soon we shall see that amateurs, if they would retain their seats on the organ stool, must study, and above all practice, and not be content with creeping over the keys. The cold-blooded editor would not allow me room for more than the principal programmes, but if all had been in, the progressive tendency would have been just as marked.

St. James' cathedral.—Morning service: Venite, Mornington; Te Deum, Tours in F; Recits, There Were Sheperds, And Suddenly, And Lo! The Angel of the Lord; chorus, Glory to God; offertory, Nazareth (Gounod), arranged for full choir. Mr. A. E. Carter, organist, Mr. W. Elliott Haslam, musical director.

Church of St. George the Martyr.—Morning service—Processional, Hark! the Herald Angels; Venite and Psalms, Chants; service, Dykes; anthem, Let Us Now Go Even Unto Bethlehem, Hopkins. Communion service—hymn, O Come All Ye Faithful; service, Dykes; offertory sentences, E. W. Phillips; recessional, Nunc Dimittis, Farrant. Children's service 3:15 p.m.—Hymns and carols by the Sunday school children. Evening service—Processional, Hark! the Herald Angels; preces, Tallis; Psalms, chants; service, G. H. Loud; hymn, It Came Upon the Midnight Clear; carol, Bethlehem, Gounod; Christmas Hymn, Silvery Bright, E. W. Phillips; carol, On the Birthday of the Lord, traditional; Recessional, Joy Fills the Air. Mr. E. W. Phillips, organist and director.

Church of the Ascension—Matins—Hymn 77, O Come All Ye Faithful; venite, Hayes in F; Psalms, Bennet in F; Te Deum, Marsh in C; Jubilate, Wood in E; chorus, For Unto Us; soprano, recit. and chorus, Glory to God (Messiah), Handel; Hymn 78, Hark! the Herald Angels Sing; Gloria Tibi, Tallis; Hymn 73, While Shepherds Watched; Hymn 371, Sweet Feast. Evensong—Hymn 77, O Come, All Ye Faithful; Psalms, Bennett in F; magnificat, Davies in B flat; Nunc Dimittis, Davies, in B flat; anthem, solo and chorus, O Thou That Tellest (Messiah), Handel; Hymn 73, While Shepherds Watched; Hymn 392, Till He Come. Solos by Miss Morell and Miss Palen. E. R. Doward, organist and choirmaster.

Church of the Redeemer—Morning—Opening voluntary, Festal March, J. B. Calkin; Hymn 78, Hark! the Herald Angels; Venite, Gregorian; Gloria Patri, Goodson in C; Te Deum, A. E. Fisher in D: Jubilate, Bridgewater in A; Hymn 77, O, Come, All Ye Faithful, Kyrie; Bridgewater, in A; Gloria Tibi, Tallis; Hymn 79, Joy Fills; anthem, O, Sing to God, Gounod; closing voluntary, Pastoral Symphony (Messiah), Handel. Evening—Opening voluntary, Christmas March, Merkel; Hymn 78, Hark! the Herald Angels; Gloria Patri, Goodson in C; Magnificat, Goss in A; Nunc Dimittis, Goss in A; carol, Child Jesus, Conant; Hymn 80, Angels from the Realm; anthem, Sing, O Heavens, Tours; carol, Joyously, Silvery Clear, White; closing voluntary, Hallelujah (Messiah), Handel. Organist, Mr. G. H. Fairclough; choirmaster, Mr. E. W. Schuch.

Metropolitan Methodist church—Morning—Chorus, Our Psalm of Joy, Gounod; Hymn 140, Mortals Awake; recit., Comfort Ye, air, Every Valley; chorus, And the Glory (Messiah), Handel; anthem, Brightest and Best, Buck; Hymn 142, Hark! the Herald Angels: chorus, Lord of Heaven, Rossi; Hymn 143, Hark! What Means; closing voluntary, Hallelujah, Beethoven. Evening—Chorus, Nazareth, Gounod; Hymn Hymn 145, Angels from the Realm; recit. And There were Shepherds; air, And the Angel; chorus, Glory to God (Messiah), Handel; Hymn 144, Come Thou Long-expected Jesus; carol, Tell Me the Story, Conant; Hymn 146, Brightest and Best; closing voluntary, Coronation March, Clark. Evening—Opening voluntary, He Shall Feed, Handel; Hymn 139, Hark! the Glad Sound; quartette and chorus, O Come, All Ye Faithful, Novello; Hymn 148, To Us a Child; solo and chorus, Christmas, Adam; hymn 111, Joy to the World; closing voluntary, Hallelujah, Handel. Solos by Mrs. Baxter and Mr. T. Smith. Mr. James B. Baxter, musical conductor.

Northern Congregational church—Morning—Hymn, Shepherds' Nativity, Gounod; hymn, O, Come All Ye Faithful; Te Deum, Jackson; Gloria in Excelsis, Tours; hymn, Christians, Awake; recit., Comfort Ye; air, Every Valley; chorus, And the Glory, (Messiah) Handel; hymn, Hark! The Herald Angels. Evening—Introit., Unto Us a Child, Redhead; hymn, O, Come, All Ye Faithful; anthem, O, Zion that Bringest, Stainer; hymn, Angels from the Realms; recit., There Were Shepherds; chorus, Glory to God (Messiah), Handel. Mr. H. Guest Collins, organist and choirmaster.

St. Basil's church—Morning—Haydn's Sixteenth Mass; offertory, Pastories, Lambillotte; Adeste Fideles. Solos by Misses Bolster, Ormsby and Nichol and Messrs. Kirk and Zeph, orchestra. Evening—Magnificat, Alma Redemptories and Tantum Ergo, Lambillotte, O, Salutaris, Curschmann. Rev. E. Murray, organist; Rev. P. C. Chalandard, conductor.

Church of the Holy Trinity—Matins, processional, Christians, Awake; Venite, Leslie; Te Deum, Woodward; Benedictus, Keeton; hymn, O, Come, All Ye Faithful; carol, We Saw a Star; anthem, Nazareth, Gounod; communion service, Calkin; evensong, processional, Hark! the Herald Angels; Magnificat, Brown; Nunc Dimittis, Statham; hymns, While Shepherds Watched, O Come All Ye Faithful; carol, Now Join We All; solo, In Splendor Bright; chorus, The Heavens Are Telling (Creation), Haydn; recessional, O, Saviour; closing voluntary, For Unto Us (Messiah), Handel. Mr. A. R. Blackburn, organist and choirmaster.

Elm street Methodist church—Solo and chorus, O Thou That Tellest; recit., For Behold; air, The People That Walked; recit., There Were Shepherds; chorus, Glory to God (Messiah) Handel; anthem, O Sing to God, Gounod; Te Deum in E flat, Stainer. Mrs. Blight, organist; Mr. H. M. Blight, director.

Jarvis street Baptist church—Morning—Organ voluntary; Christmas carol, Dykes; hymn, Hark! the Herald Angels Sing; solo, Christmas Song, Gounod. Evening—Organ, Pastoral Symphony, Handel; solo, There Were Shepherds, Handel; hymn, Come All Ye Faithful; anthem, Thus Speakest the Lord of Hosts, Stainer. Mr. J. W. Harrison, organist and conductor.

METRONOME.

THE QUEEN OF THE DRAWING ROOM.

Satisfied.

A good-looking young man tripped into SATURDAY NIGHT office the other day and asked to see the editor.

"The editor is not in," said the artist, beaming sadly and sweetly over a thumb-nail sketch of an eminent divine.

"Will he be in soon?"

"I don't know."

"Is Mr. —— in?"

"He is not."

"Where's Metronome?"

"Out, too."

"Jimmie Rembrant about?"

"Nixie."

"How's Don?"

"Over it."

"And Spiff?"

"Located."

"Ha! ha!" said the young man, savagely. "That's a joke."

"It is," replied the artist.

"Is the society reporter in?"

"No."

"Is the horse reporter in?"

"He is not."

The young man got out of patience and permitted his temper to get the best of him.

"Where's the ass reporter?" he asked.

"He's in," said the artist, calmly. "Do you wish to see him?"

The young man said "No."

"I thought perhaps you wanted a personal," said the artist.

The young man retired.

A Bloomin' Peacock

A young nobleman was buying a horse. A lanky, long-necked, little-headed beast was trotted out. He objected to the looks of the brute.

Said the horse dealer: "You buy him, my lord; just the 'oss to suit you. Ride 'im 'ome, and when you are riding hup the hancestral havenue, the Lady Heva and the Lady Hida, your sisters, will be on the balcony, and the Lady Heva will say to the Lady Hida, 'By God, Hida, if 'ere ain't our Jack a-riding hup the havenue on a bloomin' peacock.'"—*London Times.*

Singers of Sacred Song.

There is no sweeter vocalism in the world than part singing. It has a charm all its own, a charm that no other music possesses or ever can possess. Down south the plaintive negro melodies are heard night and day in the cabin and on the cotton field. Some of the old negro songs are inexpressibly touching, and when sung with all that deep pathos which the

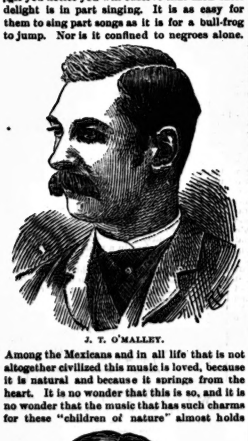
MISS DONNELLY.

negroes put into their music, they echo in the heart and memory for years. The children of the cotton fields love music. It is as much a part of their nature as their dusky skins, and if they were denied the power of expressing in crude but harmonious song the melody that

MISS LOUIE HALLWORTH.

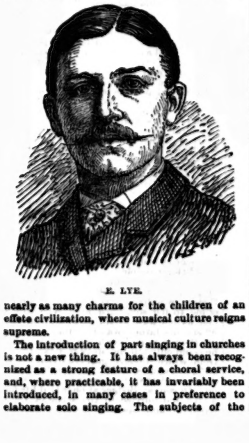
bubbles out of every pore in their being, it would cause them inexpressible grief.

If you notice you will observe that their chief delight is in part singing. It is as easy for them to sing part songs as it is for a bull-frog to jump. Nor is it confined to negroes alone.



J. T. O'MALLEY.

Among the Mexicans and in all life that is not altogether civilized this music is loved, because it is natural and because it springs from the heart. It is no wonder that this is so, and it is no wonder that the music that has such charms for these "children of nature" almost holds



E. LYE.

nearly as many charms for the children of an effete civilization, where musical culture reigns supreme.

The introduction of part singing in churches is not a new thing. It has always been recognized as a strong feature of a choral service, and, where practicable, it has invariably been introduced, in many cases in preference to elaborate solo singing. The subjects of the sketches in this week's SATURDAY NIGHT form the quartet choir of the Unitarian church, and it is admitted by those who have heard them sing, that the music is enjoyable and affecting. Miss Donnelly, the soprano, is a tall and graceful young lady. Her voice is clear and sweet, of unusual compass and gives every evidence of careful cultivation. Miss Hallworth is an equally pleasing vocalist, and the two gentlemen, Mr. O'Malley, basso, and Mr. Lye, tenor, sing with fervor and expression. Musically the efforts of the Unitarian church are confined almost exclusively to this part singing, and it forms an important part of the service. It is, the writer believes, an unique arrangement, so far, at least, as Toronto is concerned, and as it is music that is sweet to listen to, it seems a pity that it is not more generally introduced. It is surely in many cases preferable to have a few trained singers than to have a large choir, with three-fourths of the members singing out of time and tune. And, again, it too often happens that in the case of large choirs, the members do not conduct themselves with becoming decorum, and while they are ostensibly present to praise the Giver of all Good, their unbecoming conduct falls little short of sacrelignous.

The Officers' Mess.

Nothing is more pleasing to a member of the active militia than to see the military enthusiasm of those who in their time have shared the excitement and borne the fatigues of actual service, and nothing is more pleasant than to enjoy tales of war and its privations related by one whose memory carries him back to his participation in them. More especially delight in such a narration when, havin, enjoyed a good dinner, well filled my meerschaum pipe and put on my dressing-gown and slippers, I ask my friend, the ex-member of the militia force, to draw his chair near the grate-fire and talk of other days. For it is over a glass of hot Scotch and when in the company of his pipe that the veteran conjures up his comrades of the long ago and relates their exploits in the field and on the dreary march.

If an association which would bring its members together in some such social relationship could be formed, it would afford a pleasure to many of us. Such a society the Ex-members' Association of the Queen's Own Rifles should be. I mentioned their dinner last week. The boys of the old brigade mustered in force. It was the first social reunion of the association, which was formed in 1865, to welcome home the Queen's Own and Grenadiers from the Northwest. After the Christmas ceremony of carrying aloft the boar's head, the members took their seats. The hall was handsomely decorated. Among those present were Major Dixon, in the chair, Lieut.-Col. Gillman, Lieut.-Col. Miller, Lieut.-Col. Allen (the present commanding officer of the regiment), Lieut.-Col. Jarvis, (Chatham), Majors Chadwick, Adam, Macdonald, Lee and Ellis, Capt. Douglas, Capt. Miller, Capt. Mutton, Capt. Nelson, Lieutenants Lee, Knifton, Johnston and Fahey, Quartermaster Heakes, and Ald. Piper, Morrison and Hill.

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Captain Mutton responded on behalf of the Army, Navy and Militia. Colonel Gilmor replied to Our Honorary President. He received a warm reception. The old colonel's military ardor has not cooled with declining years. The other toasts were The Organized Members of the Regiment, to which Color-Sergeant McCormack responded, and The Old Highland Company.

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Major R. Y. Ellis was the treasurer. All the ex-members know the natty little man. He is the only man, I believe, in the Canadian militia to-day who was promoted on the field of battle. He was a sergeant at the time of the Fenian raid, and was promoted at Ridgeway to the place made vacant by the death of Ensign McEachren, who was killed in the engagement.

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I understand Captain McMurrich of the Garrison Artillery is endeavoring to fill the vacancies in his company caused by the resignation of his two lieutenants. He says that a brigade of garrison artillery is to be formed in Toronto.

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The men of the Royal Grenadiers are busy preparing for their annual tournament, which will be held next month, and is sure to be a military event. SUB.

The Cricketers' Ball.

The annual ball of the Parkdale Cricket Club last week was a big and successful affair. The Masonic Hall in which it was held, was handsomely decorated with appropriate cricketing mottoes and potted plants—not with flags and bunting as several of the morning papers described it. In the early part of the evening the floor was in excellent condition for dancing, but as the night wore away it became apparent that too much wax had been put on it, the consequence of which was that in valsing it was almost impossible to reverse, the floor being so slippery. Despite this trifling unpleasantness, however, dancing was kept up with undiminished vigor to the close, and the ball was declared on all sides the most successful the club has yet given. Among those present were: Dr., Mrs. and Miss Aylesworth, Mr. W. H. P. and Mrs. Atkinson, Mr. and Mrs. Ardagh, Mr. Ansley, Mr. A. B. Barker, Capt. J. P. Beaty, Mr., Mrs. and the Misses Brown, Mr. J. A. Barnes, Mr. C. J. Brown, the Misses Bender, Mr. R. W. Brayley, Mr. A. G. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Booth, Mr. S. Barnes, Mr. R. Baldwin, jr., Mr. J. A. Bogart, Mr. and Mrs. Blizzard, Mr. and Mrs. Black, Mr. D. Burns, Miss F. Brown (Port Hope), the Misses Brodie, Miss Burton (Port Hope), Miss Maud Beck, Mr. A. H. and the Misses Beasley, Mr. Chas. Brown, Mr. W. H. P. Clement, Mr. W. A. Clarke, Mr. and the Misses Capon, the Misses Chaffee, Dr. Carey, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Carter, Miss E. Clayton, Dr. Coventon, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Dignum, Messrs. and the Misses Dignum, Mr. P. W. Dixon, Mr. and Mrs. J. Davidson, Mr. R. Davidson, Mrs. John Duggan, Mr. E. Eccleston, Mrs. and Miss D. Evans, Miss Eason (Amherstburg), Mr. J. E. Featherstonhaugh, Mr. J. G. Gibson, Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Gray, Messrs. and the Misses Gray, Chevalier and Mrs. Gianelli, Miss Goffatt, Major and Mrs. W. R. Hamilton, Mr. Wm. Hall, Mr. C. G. Hallowell, Mr. F. and Miss Hornsby (Barrie), Miss Howden (Winnipeg), Mr. W. A. Hamilton, Mr. Geo. Hewish, Mr. and Mrs. Hess, Mr. W. E. Haslam, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Higman, Mr. E. A. Holman, Mr. Geo. Heintzman, Miss M. Johnston, Mr. W. King, Mr. F. Kane (Newmarket), Miss F. Kilvert (Hamilton), Mr. Geo. Keighley, Mr. H. Ketchum, Mr. Geo. and the Misses Little, Dr. and Mrs. Lynd, Mr. C. and Miss Langstaff, Mr. Cecil Lee, Miss Slater (Perth), Mr. E. M. Lake, Mr. W. Langley, Mr. Walter Ledger, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Mumford, Mr. H. J. Maughan, Mr. F. and Miss Mingay, Mr. T. J. and Miss Mulvey, Mr. J. and the Misses Martin, Mr. and Miss Murphy, Mr. S. Macdonnell, Mr. and Mrs. M. McLeod, Mr. R. O. McCulloch, Mr. J. H. and Miss McGregor, Miss McFarlane, Mr. J. Ferguson Macrae, Mr. J. M. McBride, Mr. J. and the Misses Macley, Miss Nichol, (Montreal), Mr. Geo. O'Reilly, Mr. F. Oakley, Mr. A. and Miss Pencher, Dr. and Mrs. Rowe, Mr. J. Ryan, the Misses Rees, the Misses Riddall, Miss Reesor, Mr. and Miss J. Russell, Mr. and Mrs. J. Ritchie, Mr. and Madame Stuttaford, Miss Spooner, Miss Frances Stowe, Mr. C. and the Misses Swabey, Mr. E. W. Sandys, Miss Smith, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Taylor, Mr. Smith Thompson, Mr. J. J. and Miss Threlkeld, Mr. J. A. Tarbutt, Miss Tulloh, Miss G. Thomson, Mr. P. E. Turner, Dr. M. A. and the Misses Thompson, Capt. and Mrs. Vale, Miss H. World, Mr. T. A. E. and Miss Wingfield, Miss Warren, Miss M. Wilson, Mr. J. and Miss Widdowson, Mr. R. W. Williamson and Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Yearsley.

Some of the ladies wore unusually handsome dresses. Among the fine attires noticed by SATURDAY NIGHT's young man were those of Mrs. Aylesworth, old gold satin, with pearls; Miss Aylesworth, pink satin and diamonds; Mrs. Atkinson, navy blue and pink, with diamond ornaments; Mrs. Booth, black silk and pearls; Miss Beasley, cardinal satin and pearls; Miss Annie Beasley, cream satin, with diamonds and rubies; Mrs. W. H. Carter, black satin, with lace and diamonds; Miss Clayton, seal brown, with pearls; Mrs. E. J. Dignum, pink satin and black lace, with turquoise ornaments; Miss Dignum, amber satin, with black lace and diamonds; Miss Eason, black satin and diamonds; Mrs. Gray, black satin and diamonds; Miss Gray, pink satin and pearls; Mrs. Gianelli, dark blue silk with velvet train, ornaments, diamonds; Mrs. W. R. Hamilton, blue silk with black lace, ornaments, diamonds and pearls; Miss Howden, Winnipeg, cream satin and rubies; Mrs. Hess, fawn satin and pearls; Miss Little, pale mauve silk and pearls; Miss M. Little, cream silk with turquoise and pearls; Mrs. A. M. Lynd, amber satin and diamonds; Miss Lister, Perth, pale blue satin and rubies; Mrs. E. A. Mumford, black silk and diamonds; Miss Mingay, pink silk and pearls; Miss Mulvey, cream satin and pearls; Miss E. Meigher, pink and cream satin, ornaments, pearls; Miss McFarland, pink brocaded silk and pearls; Miss Nichol, Montreal, white satin and rubies and diamonds; the Misses Riddall, heliotroped black satin and diamonds and pearls; Miss Reesor, blue silk and pearls; Miss J. Russell, pink satin and pearls; Mrs. J Ritchie, blue silk with black Spanish lace and pearls; Miss Sherwood, Montreal, black silk and diamonds; Madame Stuttaford, old gold satin and diamonds; Miss F. Stowe, fawn silk and pearls; Miss Threlkeld, cream lace and pearls and turquoise; Mrs. Thompson, black lace, with amber and diamonds; Miss Vale, blue satin and pearls; Miss Wingfield, cream satin and pearls; Miss M. Warren, white cashmere, with gold ornaments; Miss Williamson, old gold, with brown and turquoise ornaments; Miss Yearsley, fawn lace with cardinal pearls.

At Evening.

When sunset blushes tint the sky
And from the marsh the chorus breaks,
When to their nests the swallows fly
And the wise-visaged owl awakes,
'Tis then the sable queen of night
Succeeding day assumes her throne,
And with a court of stars so bright,
Shines with a glory all her own.

When pale Diana's softest smile
Lights up the bosom of the lake,
When nightingales the hours beguile
And bats their daylight haunts forsake,
'Tis then the youth with light guitar
Comes gaily on through brake and bog;
'Tis then his song sounds from afar—
'Tis then papa unties the dog.

Loving You So.

Loving you so, life hath been veined with pain,
Drenched with the rain of fire and fiery rain;
Red with the blossoms of a strong desire,
White with white lilies rooted in the mire;
Rounded to joy and sanctified with woe,
Loving you so.

Life hath no sweeter bane for me than this—
Your touch, your smile, your long, unyielding kiss;
What brand of hell could burn love from your heart?
What star of heaven keep us two apart?
Unless death still my pulses—laid me low—
Loving you so.

How a Woman Forgives.

"Can't you say something pleasant to me?" said a husband to his wife as he was about to start for his office. They had had a little quarrel, and he was willing to "make up."

"Ah, John," responded the penitent lady, throwing her arms around his neck, "forgive my foolishness. We were both in the wrong. And don't forget the baby's shoes, dear, and the ton of coal, and we are out of potatoes; and John, love, you must leave me some money for the gas man."—*New York Sun.*

Squelched.

The occasional contributor dropped into the sanctum wearily. Seated at the desk was a beetle-browed tramp printer.

"Are you the mule editor?" softly inquired the visiting contributor.

"Nay," answered the apparition, poising a proof-slip in his delicately discolored digits. "I am the calf editor; do you wish to be edited?"—*Washington Hatchet.*

Giving Away an Audience.

"Now, isn't that a burning shame?" Mrs Seldom ejaculated, as she pushed her spectacles up on her forehead, and laid down the morning paper.

"What's that, ma?" said her youngest son.

"Why, Emperor William gave an audience to Prince William yesterday. Think of that, my son—a whole audience given away like so many cattle. It's awful!"—*Chicago News.*

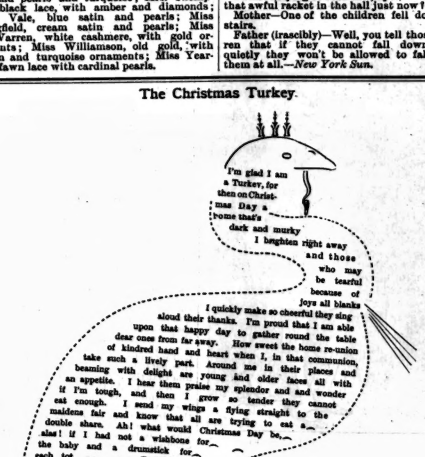
Curtailing Their Liberties.

Father (trying to read the paper)—What was that awful racket in the hall just now?

Mother—One of the children fell down the stairs.

Father (irascibly)—Well, you tell those children that if they cannot fall down stairs quietly they won't be allowed to fall down them at all.—*New York Sun.*

The Christmas Turkey.



Youthful Days.

Sweet youthful days! so surely fled,
Once gone from us, so surely dead,
What held ye that ye took away?
Whence bied ye that ye could not stay?
What lacked ye that I never said

These lines to ye in Time his stead:
"Stay, stay with me, for I do dread
Too early turning bald or gray,
O youthful days!

Stay on, and let them sow who may
Wild oats from morn to night—all day!
But stay with me. Have we not read
There nothing is more marked, ill-bred,
Than hustling off from one this way,
Sweet youthful days!"

Easily Pleased.

She (just through playing)—I fear, Mr. Sniggles, my music is too poor to give you enjoyment.

He (emphatically)—O, indeed! I do enjoy it. It does not take much to please me in the line of music, you know.

Not Strange.

The wife of one of X's friends, having lost her husband, wrote him a detailed account of the melancholy event.

"My poor Edward had three attacks; it was the last that carried him off."

"It would have been still more remarkable," thought X to himself, "if it had been the first."

Three different waiters at a large hotel asked a professor at dinner, in quick succession, if he would have soup. A little annoyed, he said sarcastically to the last: "Is it compulsory?"

"No, sir," answered the man, "I think it is mock-turtle."—*Tits Bits.*

W. & D. DINEEN

FURRIERS,

OFFER FOR IMMEDIATE SALE FOR CASH:

Choice Sealskin Mantles, Ulsters,

WRAPS, CAPES, MUFFS, CAPS, &c.

ALSO A LOT OF FUR-LINED

CIRCULARS & SILK-TRIMMED WRAPS

And an Endless Variety of FURS of all kinds.

Beaver & Otter Capes & Muffs

TO MATCH.

LONG BEARSKIN BOAS AND MUFFS.

Otter and Beaver Collars and Cuffs

AND

Beaver Trimming by the yard.

COR. KING AND YONGE STS.

OUR STOCK

OF

BOOTS AND SHOES

Including Slippers, Rubbers, Overshoes, etc., for the

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CHARCOAL PORTRAITS

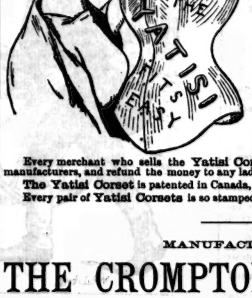
FROM LIFE OR PHOTO.

R. J. LICENCE

ART STUDENT,

ROOM U. ARCADE.

THE YATISI CORSET



Is modeled from a design of one of the most celebrated Parisian makers. It gives the wearer that ease and grace so much admired in French ladies.

The Yatisi Corset, owing to the peculiar diagonal elasticity of the cloth, will fit the wearer perfectly the first time worn, no matter what her style of form is—either long or short waisted. To ladies who wish to lace tight and not feel uncomfortable at the bust or hips they are indispensible.

The Yatisi Corset does not stretch at the waist, requires no breaking in, fits comfortably the first time worn. As it gives to every motion of the wearer, it will outlast any of the old-style rigid corsets.

The Yatisi Corset is made of the best materials, and being elastic (without rubber or springs), is invaluable for invalids, as it cannot compress the vital parts of the body. They are recommended by the most celebrated physicians in all the leading cities.

The Yatisi Corset is the only one that the purchaser can wear ten days and then return and have the money refunded if not found to be the most perfect-fitting, healthful and comfortable corset ever worn.

Every merchant who sells the Yatisi Corset will guarantee every claim made by the manufacturers, and refund the money to any lady who is not perfectly satisfied with the corset.

The Yatisi Corset is patented in Canada, Great Britain and the United States.

Every pair of Yatisi Corsets is so stamped, and no other is genuine.

MANUFACTURED BY

THE CROMPTON CORSET CO.

SECOND HALF OF THE TWO-PART STORY.

THE MYSTERY OF WILLIAM GRINNIDGE

BY EDWARD MARKWICK.

III.

"HE WAS ROARING OUT THE ODDS AT THE TOP OF HIS VOICE."

THE NEXT morning when Thomas awoke he yyy or a while blinking at the ceiling, and wondering where he was. Slowly and somewhat obscurely the events of the previous evening came back to his mind. Presently he realized that he was two pounds ten the poorer for his desire to share Sam's legacy. Perhaps, after all, he thought, they didn't mean to swindle him. If he had only stayed in the public-house instead of wandering about the streets! He would try to find the ale-house that morning, and see if the landlord knew anything of the men.

When his reflections reached this point Thomas rose and felt in his pocket to see that what remained of his money was safe. There it was, all right in the old glove, four sovereigns and a half, with seven shillings in silver. Besides his loss he seemed to have spent a good deal, he did not exactly know how. Well, it couldn't be helped now, he moralized in his dull way. But he wouldn't be taken in again.

With this he went down stairs, and out into the street. Feeling hungry he went into a coffee shop, and had some bread and butter and a cup of tea. Then he began his wanderings again in the vain hope of finding the public-house, and some information about Sam and James. His search proving fruitless, he suddenly struck into the main road, and walked on, he knew not, and cared not, whither. After a while he came to a finger-post, and counted the names written thereon. One board pointed in the direction whence he had come, and said "To Westerham;" another indicated a small road to an adjoining hamlet; the third pointed away from Westerham, and bore the inscription, "To Croydon and London."

Now what Thomas ought to have done is plain enough. His duty was to return to Westerham station and take the train to Edenbridge on his way back to Marsh Green, and, on arriving there, to put the burial money—what remained of it—to its proper uses. Instead of taking this course, he set off again on the road leading to Croydon and London. Oh, Thomas! Thomas! I fear thou art taking to evil courses. What wantest thou in London when thy poor brother lacks proper interment at Marsh Green? Hast thou something on thy conscience that frights thee from that place?

Whatever the nature of Thomas' reflections he plodded along the London road with no outward evidence of concern. Yet his appearance was decidedly forlorn. He had the ungainly gait peculiar to laborers—a laborious sort of shuffle onward, the product of heavy boots, and a lack of sense of the beautiful in deportment—and his seedy old black suit looked very crumpled and dirty in the sunlight. Before he had gone very far he was overtaken by a waggoner returning after the delivery of a load of farm implements for the use of the Westerham agriculturists. Thomas looked longingly at the vehicle, for like his late lamented brother he preferred idleness to work, and would always rather ride than walk. The waggoner observed the look, and with the ready friendliness of his class, called out to Thomas:

"Will ye have a lift, mate?"

Thomas responded with alacrity that he would indeed. The wagon stopped, he climbed into it and off they started again.

"It's a dusty road," said the wagoner.

"Ay, it be," replied Thomas.

Then they jogged along in silence, Thomas charging a short pipe, and offering a fill of tobacco to his new friend. The latter presently observed:

"Goin' far?"

"Nobbut to Lunnon," replied Thomas.

"I'm only goin' to Croydon, but that's on your way," continued the wagoner. Then, after a pause, he added:

"Have ye coom far?"

"I've coom from—" began Thomas, and then stopped in a confused way. The thought occurred to him that perhaps he had better not say where he had come from. So he observed, "I've coom from t'other side o' Merstham."

"Out o' work, mebbe?" said the wagoner.

"Ay, I be," replied Thomas. "I can't git nothin' to do 'bout here. Folks is always down on a chap what's out o' luck."

"D'ye expect to get anything in Lunnon?" observed his companion after a pause.

Thomas didn't know. He had no very clear expectations of doing anything anywhere. He couldn't be any worse off than he was, he had argued to himself, and perhaps a change of scene might ensue to his advantage. Besides there were other reasons—but of these he could not speak. After this the conversation became very intermittent and presently they reached Croydon. Here Thomas stood a pot of beer, and learned from the wagoner that the local races were being held that day.

He had at odd times helped in the stable, and had a natural love for horses. For several years he had tramped over to see the annual Edenbridge races, and had tried to back the winners. He strongly fancied the notion of winning a large stake some day through getting a friendly tip from some stableman. Perhaps the present was the opportunity he had so long sought. Certainly he now had more money in his pocket than on the occasion of any previous race-meeting. Animated with these reflections, he inquired his way to the race course, and, presently, by payment of a shilling, found his way within the inclosure.

The scene was busy and interesting. Hundreds of people of all sorts and conditions were wending their weary way in the direction of the stands. There was a gentleman in gray frock coat and white hat, with race glass slung from shoulder; there was the local tradesman who had slipped away from business to see the racing; there was the dissipated-looking young city clerk assuming the air of the "sporting gent"; and there were the camp followers, the canaille, ragged, dirty and generally disreputable. Nothing could be more varied than the types of men gathered in that inclosure. Yet at that moment all were swayed by a common desire, which placed them on a common level—the desire to back winners. Gentlemen, tradesmen, and vagabond thought and talked only of this all-absorbing topic as they walked towards the scene of action.

Thomas was not a bad judge of horseflesh, but he knew enough of racing to be fully aware that such knowledge would be of very little service in the task of "spotting the winner." What he wanted was a tip; so he hung about the entrance to the paddock in the hope of seeing some stable-looking individual whom he could interrogate. But the right person did not appear, and the policemen engaged in the task of clearing the course presently hustled him off. So he walked down past the stands until he came to a place where the more itinerant book-makers planted their migratory umbrellas. They were roaring out at the top of their voices the various odds they were willing to lay against the horses engaged in the first race. The "punters" were coming up, and investing their money pretty freely. Thomas did not know what to do; he wanted to back some horse, but did not know which. While he stood meditating on the situation, and holding five shillings in an itching palm, he witnessed the phenomenon which all who frequent race courses must have observed—how came a sudden rush of men all willing to back a particular horse. It was an eleventh hour tip, suddenly disseminated in some mysterious fashion amongst the loafers who hung about the railings of the enclosure. Eager to forestall others in getting the best odds, each fortunate recipient of the information hurried from one bookmaker to another. Thomas saw the sudden rush and knew its import. He pushed his way to the side of one of the laying fraternity, and soon got the information he wanted.

"What do you lay against Sphinx?"

"Five to one."

"I'll have half-a-sovereign on it."

"That's another," and so on, until the bookmaker reduced the odds to four to one. Still backers of Sphinx were to be found, Thomas amongst them with his five shillings. He inquired the color of his horse from a bystander, and then took his stand near the rails to see the race. In a few minutes he heard the curious, confused exclamation, half-unconsciously uttered by a thousand tongues, "Off," and the clang of the bell which confirmed the fact. His position did not enable him to see the earlier part of the race; but he heard those who were better placed cry out that this or the other horse was leading. Then they came sweeping round into the straight, and by craning his neck he could just catch a glimpse of the throng coming with a rush for the winning-post.

"Why, the favorite wins in a bloomin' walk," cried a man in front of him, excitedly.

Thomas' five shillings were not on the favorite; and his heart sank within him.

"Do 'e?" cried another voice. "What's Sphinx doing then? Why, his jockey ain't moved on him yet."

The next moment the horses whirled by him. Thomas seemed to catch only a twinkle of the bright jackets as they passed; but it was enough to assure him that the horse bearing the blue and white was only second. His jockey was moving on him now, however, with a vengeance. Even from Thomas' position it could be seen that at every stride he was gaining on the leader. Just as the post was reached, blue and white arms and legs shot out in a sort of superhuman invocation to the god of victory; the gallant horse so ridden, responded with a terrific effort, and a Babel of voices proclaimed that he had won by a head.

Thomas' tongue clave to the roof of his mouth with excitement, and his exhausted nature called loudly for beer. He started off instantly to get his winnings; but when he put his hand in his pocket for the ticket it was not there. A horrible fear seized him; with the eagerness of despair he searched again. Though he remembered distinctly putting the ticket into his trousers' pocket, he hurriedly felt in all the pockets of his coat. But it was not there. He glared frantically round, and his eyes fell on a dirty little Jewish-looking individual, whose black eyes twinkled maliciously. Thomas took one step towards him, and then stopped. He felt sure that he saw the thief before him; at the same time he realized how impossible it was to prove the theft. And he knew that the race-course rogue generally has his companions about, who are given to fall upon and maltreat any one overtly protesting against their little practices. So Thomas turned on his heel with a curse, to which the suspected purloiner replied with a sardonic grin.

Thomas moved off towards the paddock, in an enviable state of mind. Fate seemed altogether against him. The noise and bustle incidental to the next race, somewhat roused him from his despondency. He leaned against the railings, and looked at the horses inside being led round and rounds while the racing connoisseurs eyed them over and discussed their points. "O, for a good straight tip!" he thought to himself. Just at this moment two men, as ragged and dirty as himself, came up to where he stood, and also looked eagerly through the railings. They did not notice his contiguity, so intent were they on some other topic. Presently one of them pointed to a horse in cerise trappings that was passing, and cried:

"There, that's 'im. Don't he look as if he'd take some beatings?"

"Ay, he do," replied the other; "but is he meant for this race?"

"Don't I tell you," said the first speaker, "that Bill told me that all the stable's backed 'im! It's a real snip—that's what it is."

The two hurried off after this. Thomas had overheard their conversation and determined to profit by it. The information he had secured was precisely the sort he believed in. He made up his mind to risk one of the four sovereigns he still had in his pocket. But first he must ascertain the name of the horse that had been pointed out. This he was presently able to do when it and the others cantered down the course to the starting-post. It was Mr. Jones' horse Cucumber, and Thomas got ten pounds to one on it.

Holding his ticket tightly in his hand, Thomas again secured a place near the rails, whence he could see something of the race. The horses had to pass the stand twice, and on the first occasion it was the universal remark that none was going better than Cucumber. Away they went down the hill and along the bottom and around the bend into the straight that led home. Thomas saw enough to assure him that the cerise jacket was, so far, among the leaders. As they passed him, like a flash of lightning, his horse was a good second, and the next moment shouts of "Cucumber!" rent the air. He was trembling all over with excitement as he looked over the judge's box to see what number was hoisted. No. 5 was put up. Cucumber had won.

Thomas gave utterance to a hoarse "Ooray!" when he ascertained this fact. Then he turned and hastened to get his money. He had eleven pounds to draw; and he had his ticket all right this time. He knew the book-maker quite well—Jolly Joe Ginger, he called himself—and he wore a very loud check suit and a white hat. He was standing just below the bottom inclosure, he and his partner. "But where the blazes is he now?" exclaimed Thomas, when he got to the place and found it vacant. There was the blackboard, with the names of the horses and the odds chalked on it; there was the box on which Jolly Joe Ginger used to stand; but neither that worthy nor his partner were to be seen. Thomas soon found that he had comrades in misfortune. Soon quite a little crowd had gathered, and many were the fervent imprecations launched at the departed book-makers, and earnest were the desires expressed for an opportunity of imprinting on their bodies some mark of the general appreciation of their conduct. Presently one of the defrauded punters kicked the box over, another seized the board and dragged it down. Thomas could not realize that he was once more the victim of a cruel disappointment.

"Stop," he cried, in a faint voice. "Perhaps they'll come back."

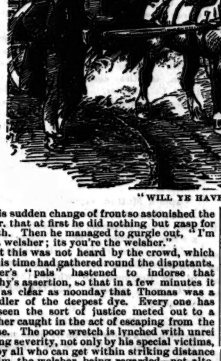
"Come back? Not likely," savagely exclaimed a man at his elbow. "They're clear off by this time with all our money." And the speaker joined with the rest in the demolition of the local habitation of the absconding bookmakers.

When the work of destruction was complete the crowd gradually dispersed, and Thomas slunk away, conscious only of a feeling of desperate rage against the villain who had robbed him. All his interest in the race had departed, and he walked aimlessly on until he found himself near the entrance to the enclosure. While he hesitated, undecided whether or not to quit the race course and go on his wanderings again, he observed three men approaching, whose appearance struck him as being in some sense familiar. He looked narrowly at them as they came nearer, and then suddenly it flashed across him that one of them was the defaulting, but still jolly, Joe Ginger. He looked again, and was perfectly sure of the identity of the man before him, despite the considerable change which had been effected in his attire. Without reflecting on the possible consequences, he determined to make a last bid for his money. Seizing the man by the arm, he thrust the accoming ticket before his eyes, and hoarsely demanded payment of the bet.

Joseph Ginger started for a moment; then, roughly shaking his assailant off, bade him not trouble to make a fool of himself. But Thomas was not to be thus rebuffed. He clung to the book-maker, and kept repeating, in a half-imperative, half-entreating way, "Give me back my money."

"Give you back your money? You give me mine!" cried Ginger. "Why, you old welsher, you are the man we've been looking for since last Croydon Races." And the bookmaker took Thomas by the throat, and shook him violently.

"TWO POLICEMEN APPEARED ON THE SCENE AND RESCUED THE UNFORTUNATE MAN BY TAKING HIM INTO CUSTODY."



"WILL YE HAVE A LIFT, MATE."

This sudden change of front so astonished the latter, that at first he did nothing but gasp for breath. Then he managed to gurgle out, "I'm not a welsher; its you're the welsher."

But this was not heard by the crowd, which by this time had gathered round the disputants. Ginger's "pals" hastened to indorse that worthy's assertion, so that in a few minutes it was as clear as noonday that Thomas was a swindler of the deepest dye. Every one has not seen the sort of justice meted out to a welsher caught in the act of escaping from the course. The poor wretch is lynched with unrelenting severity, not only by his special victims, but by all who can get within striking distance of him, the welsher being regarded—not altogether improperly—as *homo homo generis*. So directly this mob got into its head that Thomas was one of the fraternity he fared very badly. He was buffeted, knocked down and kicked, and had his clothes well-nigh torn from his back, while in the melee the real offender got safely off. When the game of making a football of Thomas was at its height two policemen appeared on the scene and rescued that unfortunate man by taking him into custody and conveying him to the police station, where he was left to his own reflections for the night. Thomas was now in a veritable evil; and so we will leave him for a while and describe some of the events at Marsh Green, which conspired to put Nemisis on his track.

On the second morning after the mysterious disappearance of poor William Grinnidge, it chanced that Mr. Porter bethought him of an odd job that wanted doing. All his men were busy about something or another, so he walked from the farm to the village in order to put the work in William's way. When Mr. Porter got to the cottage, no one was at home. He lifted the latch and walked in; but all was silent as the grave. He called, but no voice answered. He walked out behind on to the potato patch, but no sign of William was to be seen. He stood and ruminated for a moment. Then his eyes chanced to fall upon a certain potato plant. The other plants made a poor show enough, but they were alive. This particular plant, however, was clearly defunct; and, laying hold of it, Mr. Porter pulled it from the ground, and looked at the root. The case with which it came out, and the appearance of the mould made it clear that the plant had quite recently been replanted. There was nothing very curious in this circumstance, perhaps; but as Mr. Porter stood for a moment thinking whether he should try to find William or seek some other individual for the job in hand, he absently turned over some more of the soil with his boot. In a minute or so this process revealed the corner of a sack. He stooped down and gave it a pull. Evidently it was full of something. His curiosity excited, he took a spade which stood hard by and speedily excavated the sack and dragged it to the surface. Then taking it by the bottom, he shook its contents on the ground. First came an old hat, then a pair of ancient and heavy boots, then a tattered old corduroy coat, waistcoat and trousers. Looking a little more closely at the latter he saw they were spattered with blood, but he remembered that the last time he saw William Grinnidge in the flesh he wore these very clothes. But the hapless wearer—where was he now?

Mr. Porter walked through the cottage out again into the road, wondering very much at this discovery. And then, as luck would have it, whom should he meet but the Edenbridge policeman, making his weekly visit to Marsh Green. This minion of the law had a very good time on the whole. As compared with that of the police in towns, his lot was decidedly a happy one. He was openly patronized by the vicar, who was also a magistrate. When the squire came into the village he acknowledged in the blandest way Juggles' imposing military salute. All the tavern-keepers endeavored to keep the right side of Juggles and time their clocks by his watch. The farm laborers looked askance at him as he passed; for Juggles was dead nuts on poachers. Altogether his existence was probably as happy and useful as that of many a more important personage. Representing in his own proper person that great body, the "Kentish Constabulary," he proudly bore the inscription over his door and upon his helmet, so there was no doubt about the matter. Juggles was the favored of the rich, the patronizing friend of the poor, the terror of the evil-doer.

Mr. Porter, being a prosperous farmer, Juggles gave him a somewhat formal salute and observed that it was a fine day. Mr. Porter did not dissent from this opinion, but asked in reply whether Juggles had seen anything of Grinnidge lately.

Paramount at all time in the mind of Juggles were two ideas. One was that of the majesty of the law as represented by himself, the other the omnipresence of the police force. To treat the Kentish constabulary with disrespect was to wound Juggles in his tenderest part, to suggest that Juggles was ignorant of anything of which the Kentish constabulary ought properly to be informed, was, in his own expressive phrase, "to touch him on the raw." Mr. Porter's question, therefore, slightly decomposed him. Had Grinnidge—of whom Juggles entertained but a very poor opinion—been engaged in any nefarious enterprise which called for the active interference of the Kentish constabulary!

This thought flitted with something like rapidity through the not particularly alert brain of Juggles; so that, after rubbing his chin and looking thoughtfully at the foot-prints in a minute and a half, he was in a position to remark with an air of much sagacity:

"No, sir; I haven't seen him for the last day or two—he hasn't been down Edenbridge way—but I've had my eye upon him ever since that rabbiting business."

This was in allusion to a recent poaching scandal, in which poor William's name had got mixed up. Hodges kept his eye upon the delinquent without seeing him for several days together he did not explain, and it did not occur to Mr. Porter to inquire.

"Well, I came to look for him to-day," continued the latter, "and couldn't find him—but I found something else."

With this, Mr. Porter took his way towards the cottage, followed by the Kentish constabulary, with something like excitement on his ordinarily stolid features. When they reached the hole in the ground, Mr. Porter indicated the contents of the sack with his foot, and observed: "Do you know who they belong to?"

Juggles picked the articles of apparel up one by one; and as he laid them down again, he said, "That's Grinnidge's coat and that's his waistcoat; and they's his trousers; and that there's blood on 'em."

"Well, what's the meaning of them being buried like that?" added Mr. Porter.

"Well, if you ask me," replied Juggles, "I should say it's murder; that's what I should say, surely."

"It certainly is rather strange," continued Mr. Porter. "I'll step into the next cottage and ask if they've seen Grinnidge."

Mr. Porter's inquiry established the fact that the ill-fated Grinnidge had not been seen for several days; and it also brought all the residents of the next cottage on the scene; and no sooner did they understand the facts of the case, and see the bloodstained breeches, and the hole in the ground, than they came straightway to the conclusion that an awful tragedy had occurred, and that it was their special privilege to bruit the news abroad with all the expedition possible.

"Run and tell your father as old Bill Grinnidge has been murdered," exclaimed Mrs. Bodger, who lived next door to the scene of the crime, to her son, aged nine, who tore off as fast as his legs would carry him to the field where his father was plowing, and when he got there was so breathless and confused that he could only tell the story in jerky fragments, from which Bodger gathered that either his wife, or Juggles, or Mr. Shorter, had been murdered, and that the carnage was still going on. Of course, Bodger at once tied his horse to a tree and hurried to the scene of the catastrophe; and speedily formed one of the

"AS JUGGLES NEARED THE VILLAGE WHOM SHOULD HE MEET BUT DR. GOLE, DRIVING OUT TO SEE A PATIENT.)

rapidly increasing group who stood around the hole, and gazed at the blood-stained habiliments of the departed Grinnidge.

After some discussion, in which Mr. Porter, Juggles, and Mr. Wagstaff, who kept the Wheatsheaf Inn, took the principal part, it was decided that the clothes and the sack in which they were found should be given into the charge of Juggles, who would proceed at once to Edenbridge and communicate to head-quarters. So presently off Juggles started with the fateful bundle under his arm, and followed by all the male inhabitants of Marsh Green who could invent any decent excuse for doing so. The event had all the pleasant excitement of a funeral, with a piquant flavor of crime thrown in. Such as were obliged to remain behind felt that the least they could do, out of respect for the memory of the deceased, was to spend the rest of the day in idleness. So most of them adjourned to the bar of the Wheatsheaf and drank beer and talked over the momentous question whether poor Bill had been shot or stabbed, or had his brains been beaten out, and furthermore, who had done the murderous deed and where was the body?

It is a melancholy fact that the villagers seemed quite resigned to the withdrawal from their midst of William. They did not eulogize his character in the manner he had mournfully anticipated in that gloomy hour of premonitory reflection he had indulged in by the wayside only a short two days ago. Indeed William, *qua* William they ignored altogether, and only disputed amongst themselves which would probably be the lucky man to find his mangled corpse.

Meanwhile Juggles, at the head of the funereal procession, was solemnly marching towards Edenbridge. As he neared the village whom should he meet but Dr. Gole, driving out to see

"AS HE TIGHTENED HIS BELT HIS EYE FELL UPON ONE OF THE BILLS DESCRIBING THE PERSON OF THE SLAYER OF WILLIAM GRINNIDGE."

a patient. Him did Juggles salute with extra formality, in recognition of the serious character of the work in which he was engaged. Dr. Gole pulled up and asked what was the matter.

Juggles stopped also, and so did his followers. With much gravity, as though alive to the necessity of not committing himself, Juggles observed:

"Well, sir, it looks like murder. Me and Mas'r Porter found these clothes in this here sack buried in the ground, and when we come to examine them they're all covered in blood. We hasn't found the body yet, but then we hasn't looked for it."

"Murder!" exclaimed Dr. Gole, somewhat incredulously; "who has been murdered?"

"Old Bill Grinnidge; him as lived in that old cottage on the right hand side of the road by——"

Dr Gole had started so visibly, and looked so very disconposed at this piece of information, that Juggles stopped in his explanation.

"Grinnidge!" said Dr. Gole. "Grinnidge! Surely not! Why his brother from Sevenoaks called upon me only a day or two ago to say William had died of heart disease."

Juggles stared. Here was a new complication, truly. For once the Kentish Constabulary were nonplussed.

"His brother, sir!" he said. "I knew he had a brother in Sevenoaks, but I never see him."

"Well, he called upon me," went on Dr. Gole, in a somewhat irritated tone; "I had never seen him before, but I recognized the family resemblance at once. His statement was clear enough."

"But I'd never heard that old Bill was ill," added Juggles. "Besides," he continued, as a new light burst upon him, "if he died of heart disease, where's his body?"

Dr. Gole was fain to confess that this was an unanswerable question. Juggles looked quite relieved now. The possibility of the tragedy coming to nothing had been unwelcome to him—not as a man, but as the Kentish constabulary.

"I tell you what it is, sir," he remarked with an air of conviction. "It's murder, and it's the brother as done it."

"Well, then, you'd better look sharp after the brother," said Dr. Gole, preparing to drive on. "I can identify the man that called upon me; good morning."

"Good morning, sir," replied Juggles, coming

"WILLIAM GOT A YEAR'S IMPRISONMENT, WITH HARD LABOR, FOR OBTAINING MONEY UNDER FALSE PRETENCES."

to the salute; and then proceeded on his way, followed by the procession, which had listened with breathless interest to the colloquy between the doctor and the constable. The latter now felt quite certain, not only that a murder had been committed, but that he was on the track of the criminal. Perhaps William Grinnidge had not been so poor as he pretended. Perhaps he was an old miser—Juggles had heard of such cases—and had got an old stocking, the contents of which the wicked brother from Sevenoaks had coveted. Thinking all these things, and many more of the same kind, Juggles presently arrived at the local habitation of the Kentish constabulary. He had permitted the procession to follow him thus far, because it, in a certain way, added to his state, but he now peremptorily dismissed the vagrant throng with the intimation that he could not be bothered with them. The men accordingly slouched off to the nearest tavern, there to tell the story of the murder of Bill Grinnidge with such harrowing details as their beery imaginations could invent; while the boys solaced their disappointed souls with marbles.

As the news spread, it presently reached the ears of the man who had passed Thomas on the road towards Westerham, and had mistaken him for his brother. He at once became invested with all the importance of an eyewitness of one phase of the tragedy, and with a few choice spirits betook himself to the house of the Scottish constable, who fortunately was at home. After being warned not to say anything to criminate himself—a formality which added immensely to the solemnity of the proceedings, and to the enjoyment of those taking part in it—the witness deposed to having met a man that he thought, and yet that he didn't think, was Bill Grinidge, to whom he had said "Good day," but had received no answer. This episode witness described again and again with evident relish, and so continued to do for the remainder of the gaping auditors, who were expected in return to stand some beer to the hero of the exploit.

Meanwhile Juggles had telegraphed the main facts to London, where they were immediately forwarded to Westerham and Croydon. Bills were rapidly printed naming and describing the suspected murderer, whose identity was presently confirmed by the secretary of the Foresters Society at Westerham, who remembered the payment of £7 10s. to Thomas Grinnidge, brother of the deceased William Grinnidge; but while these matters were transpiring the search for the body went on vigorously but unavailingly.

It chanced that the morning after the apprehension of Thomas as a disorderly person the constable who had taken him in charge was sunning himself in front of the police station preparatory to departing for his beat. As he tightened his belt his eye fell upon one of the bills describing the slayer of the person of William Grinnidge. He read the description carefully through, and as he did so his mind gradually evolved a very distinct notion that somewhere and somehow he had seen the individual wanted. He looked up and down the street as though expecting to see the dim tenant of his imagination presently body itself forth. This coming to nothing, he proceeded to recall to remembrance all the people he had recently met. Suddenly, like a gleam of sunshine upon a darkened landscape, a recollection of the previous night's capture broke upon his intelligence. Yes, there certainly was a distinct resemblance in the description before his eyes to the alleged welcher; and now that he bethought him that person had murmured something like "Grinnidge," in answer to an interrogatory concerning his name. When the constable at last fairly grasped these facts, and took in their full meaning, and realized that probably he was actually upon the track of a real murderer, his satisfaction knew no bounds. He immediately betook himself to the inspector, and laid the whole matter before him, in the course of the narrative making it appear quite plainly that he, the constable, had from the very first moment that his eyes lighted upon the poor wretch struggling in the hands of his persecutors, suspected him to be the individual described in the bill on the police notice board.

The inspector was sufficiently impressed with the story to pay an immediate visit to the cell in which Thomas was incarcerated. When asked his name, the prisoner readily admitted that it was Thomas Grinnidge, and that he had only arrived at Croydon the previous day. As luck would have it, the Borough Sessions were being held that very day in the Town Hall. Thither the inspector and the constable immediately repaired, and the former communicated all the circumstances to one of the magistrates (of course, allowing it to appear that it was he, the inspector, who had been mainly instrumental in discovering Thomas' identity), and the magistrate mentioned the matter to his colleagues on the bench, and they, after a brief consultation, ordered that the delinquent should be immediately brought before them.

This was done, and Thomas was brought into court. The constable proved his apprehension on Croydon race course as a disorderly person, and the inspector asked that the prisoner should be remanded on the ground that he was suspected of being Thomas Grinnidge of Sevenoaks, who was wanted on a charge of murdering his brother William Grinnidge of Marsh Green.

The presiding magistrate was just about to direct that this should be done, when a very singular incident occurred. A man in the body of the court suddenly observed, loud enough to be heard by everybody:

"That ain't Thomas Grinnidge!"

All eyes were immediately turned upon the speaker. He was rather above middle-age, respectably attired, with a clean-shaven face, except for a weak attempt at whiskers on each side.

When the chairman had recovered himself sufficiently to speak, he said sternly: "What do you mean, sir, by saying that the prisoner is not Thomas Grinnidge?"

"Because I know he ain't," calmly replied the man in the body of the court.

"How do you know he isn't?" inquired the magistrate, sharply.

"Because I'm Thomas Grinnidge," continued the man, with all the emphasis of certain knowledge. "I come over from Sevenoaks this morning on business, and, seeing my name stuck up outside, I came in to see what was up."

Words would fail to depict the unbounded astonishment of every one present at this unexpected rejoiner, and the wonder grew no less when it was observed that, although the accused person was dirty, unkempt and miserable-looking and the denier of his identity clean, trim and prosperous-looking, there was a singular likeness between them.

"Then who, sir, is the prisoner?" exclaimed the magistrate.

"He is William Grinnidge, my brother," said the person addressed.

"What! the murdered man?" cried the magistrate.

"Yes!" said the new Thomas, "only he ain't been murdered."

"Then who has been?" asked the magistrate, turning, in his perplexity, to the inspector.

The latter was fairly nonplussed.

"Perhaps there's another brother," he stammered out.

"No, there ain't," said the new Thomas, "and that's one too many."

"Prisoner, what have you to say for yourself?" demanded the magistrate.

The resurrected William had all this time been looking from one speaker to the other in a dim and dazed way. Now, on being addressed, he looked stolidly at his interrogator for a moment, and then answered:

"It's all true."

"You admit that you are William Grinnidge?"

"Yes."

"Then what did you call yourself Thomas for?"

No answer. William was never good at explanations.

A brief consultation took place on the bench. Then the chairman said:

"This matter must be inquired into. The prisoner is remanded."

The inquiry was made in due course, and some nice revelations were the result. The prisoner was readily identified as William Grinnidge. Moreover, he made a full confession, and described how, as he lay under the hedge—as shown at the beginning of the story—wishing he was dead, the notion came into his mind that he might pretend to be dead, and thus become the inheritor of his own funeral expenses. Accordingly, he buried his old clothes in the ground, in the belief that he thereby did something to throw justice off the scent. The marks of blood on the trousers were explained by the pig-sticking at which he had assisted on the morning of the day preceding his flight. How successfully the fraud had been carried through we have seen. The money William secured had not brought him much happiness. It only taught him the vanity of riches.

Deep and lasting was the disappointment felt at Marsh Green when the mystery of William Grinnidge was thus prosaically solved. Had the deceased really murdered someone he could not have been more cordially disliked. The whole village rejoiced when it became known that William had got a year's imprisonment with hard labor for obtaining money under false pretence, and when the twelve months had elapsed the villagers determined to give him an extremely cold—or rather warm—reception, should he return to Marsh Green. But return he never did. Whither he went or how he fared nobody knew, and nobody cared.

THE END.

When Love the Law Shall Be.

Have you heard of the ancient city,
Envied by gods above,
Where life is like a poem,
And the only law was love?
And how the fair Atlantis
Was condemned by the gods to be
Sunken and hid forever
Beneath the cruel sea?

Except when the years count seven,
The island 'neath the wave
May rise for one brief hour
Out from its ocean grave;
And then the startled sailor,
Beholds with wondering eyes
A marvelous floating city
Like a vision of paradise.

Rocked on the ocean's bosom,
White palace, temple and tower,
Thrilled the heart of the gazer
With a weird, mysterious power
And o'er the whispering waters
Steals a sweet, unearthly strain,
Now rising in dreamy rapture,
Now low, like the wail of pain.

Then follows the eager sailor
Where the witching music leads,
But ever before his coming
The fairy isle recedes.
Faint and fainter the music,
Dimmer the city fair,
Until the beautiful vision
Fades into viewless air.

But spirit voices have called him,
And on the far-off shore
True hearts shall mourn the sailor,
For he comes again no more.

The story speaketh truly
Of the traveler o'er life's sea
Who seeketh for a country
Where love the law shall be.
He leaves earth's cares behind him
As the sailor leaves the sea and,
For who so sees love's vision
Beholds God's beckoning hand.

Ah! the vexatious fleeting phantom,
We will reach it by and by,
For its glory's but reflected
From the changeless love on high.
It is sent to guide the sailor
Across life's ocean broad,
Till he finds the lost Atlantis
In the paradise of God.

Clips.

The owl is not a very inquisitive bird. It never asks what or when or where. It merely wants to know "who."

"Does it pay to be good?" somebody asks, and the first impulse of everybody else is to answer "It does if there is any danger of your being caught."

A young man, obliged to invent instantly some excuse for a long golden hair on his coat sleeve, stammered out that he "s-sat next to the b-b-butter at dinner."

Men talk of having hard times for the poor, and yet a poor man can to-day buy a locomotive for $9,000 which would have cost him $30,000 twenty years ago.

Little Sister (angrily)—"Now you do what I say." Little Brother—"I won't." "You won't eh? Oh, don't I just wish we was grown up an' you was my husband."

A lover out West, in describing his Araminta, says: "Her eyes were plums, her lips strawberries, while her fingers were little radishes and her bosom "pound sweetings."

A five-year-old discovered the neighbor's hens in her yard scratching. In a most indignant tone she reported to her mother that Mrs. Smith's hens were "wiping their feet on our grass."

A young college debator will argue for hours that the pursuit of happiness is better than the realization, and then feel disappointed because his girl refuses for the fourth time to marry him.

Lover (passionately)—"My sweet! My darling! I love you with all my heart! Be mine!" Fair Maiden—"Oh, William, this is so sudden! I must have time—" Lover—"No, no! I must have my answer now, for I have my eye on another girl."

"Ah, Sam, so you've been in trouble, have you?" "Yes, Jem, yes." "Well, well, cheer up man; adversity tries us and shows up our better qualities." "Ah, but adversity didn't try me; it was a county judge, and he sent me up for six months."

"You may say what you please about it, but there is some luck in horseshoes. A woman nailed one up against the woodshed a month ago and last week her husband eloped with the hired girl. The man had not earned a cent for more than two years.

Professor—"Which is the most delicate of the senses?" Sophomore—"The touch." Professor—"Prove it." Sophomore—"When you sit on a tack. You can't hear it; you can't see it; you don't taste it; you can't smell it; but you know its there."

Bluff Old Chap (with a very loud voice—just arrived)—"My dear Miss Robinson, you here! I'm surprised! I'm amazed! Why, my good gracious, it must be thirty years since we last met." (Miss Robinson thoroughly enjoys herself all the rest of the evening.)

On Niagara, during the honeymoon; she—"Why do you look so unhappy, George? Don't you know that we are one now?" George—"Yes, darling, I know that; but judging from the hotel bill I've just had handed me, that manager of the Cataract doesn't seem to think so."

"What do you suppose I'll look like when I get out of this?" snapped a young lady at a conductor of an overcrowded street-car. "A good deal like crushed sugar, miss," was the reply. And the young lady hung on to the strap and rode four miles further with the smile of an angel.

"Yes," said a fresh girl at a show, "I know my beau goes out between the acts, but he's nice and never drinks anything but a cup of coffee, because I can always smell it as plain as day, and I know the smell of coffee from beer or whiskey, if I am a little bit green." It is a very happy thing for a young man to have a girl's confidence.

If you drop you collar-studthere is one sure method of finding it. After you have hauled the chest of drawers, and bed, and all the furniture across the room to look under them, then replace the various articles and put on a heavy pair of shoes; start to walk across the room, and before you have taken three steps you will step on the collar-stud and smash it.

Wrecked by Fashion.

Benevolent gentleman (bestowing a trifle)—So you failed in business, my poor fellow. How was it?

Tramp—On account of the rise in shirt collars, sor. It left me bankrupt.

Benevolent gentleman—What? Were you in the furnishing-goods trade?

Tramp—No, sor; but when the judes took to wearin' collars three inches wolde, me ould woman laid aside the washboard and shut up shop. Now, Oi depind on the mershies av the could, could wor-rld.—*Life.*

Sitting in the Air.

A young German officer, rather new to his work, was drilling a squad of raw recruits, and gave the word of command: "Lift the right leg!" One of the soldiers by mistake raised his left leg, so that it joined closely to the right leg of his neighbor. "Donnerweiter!" exclaimed the officer, "what jackanapes has lifted both his legs?"—*Fliegende Blatter.*

Speaks Practically.

Miss Prime—Philosophers disagree as to which period of life seems the longest to mankind. What is your opinion, doctor?

Doctor (meditatively)—Well, it varies. In women for instance, the longest generally is between 29 and 30. I know in my wife' case ten years elapsed between her 29th and 30th birthday.

Its Probable Source.

Editor (to assistant)—Here is a clipping to the effect that a Yankee has taught ducks to swim in hot water with such success that they lay boiled eggs. Do you know what paper it's from?

Assistant—Must be *The Christian at Work.*—*Life.*

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A Merry Christmas.

Down through the storied years has come the memory of the gentle Christ who lived to suffer for us and died to save. To-morrow and Monday all Christendom will commemorate the day of His birth, a day hallowed by tender tears and made sweet by the gracious memories of a love divine. A day of joy and of happiness, a day for forgiveness and blessing, a day for the heart and humanity, not for the strife and struggle of life. A day for rest and thankfulness to Him for the very condition of being.

A Merry Christmas!

It is merry because of homes made happy by the wanderer's return, of hearts brightened and lightened by the gifts of pity and of love, of sufferings alleviated, of the kiss of forgiveness, of the glad voices of little children who cling to the parental knee and cluster in innocence and purity about the hearthstone.

May it be merry to all. So long as the world lasts may it be a synonym for the most gracious wishes that the heart can know, may it be ever a glad and joyful time, a time for forgetting the past, with its cares and bickerings, and for beginning anew the journey, made easy by human love and human sympathy.

A Merry Christmas!

May it be merry in the homes where Want abides and Poverty's gaunt form kills and crushes the tender hearts of the little ones. May it be merry there through the ministrations of those who are blessed with plenty and who from their bounty can spare enough to make glad the hearts of those who are poor. And may it be the merrier to those who succor these sorrowfully afflicted because of this.

The Children's Christmas.

Christmas is essentially a children's time, and only those of the older folks who know how to be children again can appreciate it.

Truth has, no doubt, done much to make the world wiser and better, but outside of inspired truth the fable of Santa Claus has perhaps done more for children's happiness than any other story, true or false. It is wonderful with what unanimity this imposture has been practiced on children generation after generation, from a time anterior to which the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. And who has sympathy with those iconoclasts who would break down this childish superstition by telling the babies that there is no Santa Claus, that it is papa and mamma and that the gifts are bought in the stores or toyshops, instead of being brought from the North Pole or Lapland in a sleigh hauled through the upper Borean regions by a reindeer who can both run and fly!

The picture of old Santa, with his long white beard and conical fur cap, his furry overcoat, his top boots, his big mittens and red nose, is as firmly fixed in the picture gallery of the youthful mind as are the illustrations in the old family Bible. Even as people grow older the story of Santa Claus is so much a part of their being that any Christmastide that comes without bringing Santa to visit some of their little ones is a waste and desolate holiday.

In the families where there are no babies, where the chairs are never upset, nor the ink spilled and the curtains torn, and the windows soiled, and the books mutilated, and the floors littered by the romping of children, the chimney never draws right and it is a cold, smoky, poky home. If Santa Clause does not come down the chimney once a year, even if he only brings a penny picture book, the chimney will smoke and the fire go out on cold days. Santa does a lot to keep up the comfort and happiness of home, and it is a hard heart indeed that is not touched and softened by the chatter of children as they sit in little groups long before the snow flies, wondering what Santa Claus will bring them.

How lovely it is to watch the childish hope, as yet undimmed by disappointment, unshaken by loss of faith, picturing the thousand things they feel sure Santa will bring if he only knew that they wanted them. Watch the excitement and eagerness of the little ones as Christmas again comes around; their faith in Santa Claus increasing every hour and their demands on his generosity growing greater as they hear from baby friends of new expectations.

And on Christmas Eve, scarcely sleeping for excitement and only frightened to bed by the threat that Santa Claus will not come down the chimney if he sees any little folks awake, they still talk it over and long for morning. Look at the row of stockings, some of them pretty large, for faith in Santa Claus in the happiest homes lasts long after the youngest have mastered their first three readers and when the hopeful ones know enough of arithmetic to figure out that the cubic contents of the bundle Santa Claus is expected to bring, could not be brought down the chimney and hardly through the door.

Peep in at midnight and see the little fellows cuddled in their beds, with perhaps one sly, watchful little chap still awake, all his face covered up except one eye, which is being left open to catch Santa Claus at his work. Peep in an hour later, and the eye is shut; baby is tired with his watching and has gone to sleep to see in his dreams the old man with the white beard, the red nose and the twinkling blue eyes, piling a mountain load of toys into a stocking hardly big enough to hold a pop-gun.

When we think of these pictures let us look at the homes of squalor, wretchedness, sickness or vice, where Santa Claus never comes, where the babies huddle under tattered rags and struggle to make the ragged spread cover their shivering forms. They have no dreams of joy, for even childish faith will not outlast the coming of Christmas after Christmas without some little token from Santa. They believe in him still, but one of the first wounds their childish hearts feel and the first slight that chills their hopeful spirits is the knowledge that Santa Claus comes to some, but never to them. This is one of their first intimations that Fortune favors others and neglects them. When fathers and mothers, who can afford to give, see the prospective happiness of their own bairns, should it not make them endeavor to bring some happiness to the poor and miserable, and to teach their children to GIVE, that Christmas may not be a time of selfishness, and that they may learn that it is more blessed to give than to receive? Tell your youngsters that they can be the Santa Claus who makes hearts as happy as you have made theirs; that they can bring as much happiness to other hearts as the old man with the reindeer brings to them.

SATURDAY NIGHT wishes all its readers "A Merry Christmas," and that Santa Claus will forget none of you; that turkey and pudding, the dance under the mistletoe bough, the children's parties and the grown-up jollities will be everything that the heart can desire. Christmas is a time for happiness and mirth. Let us all forget our misfortunes, hunt around for good things to be thankful for and do as much as possible to make other people happy and thankful, and it cannot fail to be "A Merry, Merry Christmas."

Bishop Carberry's Death.

The news of the death of the Right Rev. James Joseph Carberry, bishop of the diocese of Hamilton, was received with wide-spread sorrow, not alone among the members of the Roman Catholic church, but among all who had known the deceased gentleman and had loved him for his kindness, benevolence, ripe wisdom, true Christian charity and many other sterling qualities of mind and heart. When he left Hamilton last summer his health was failing, and it was mainly on this account that he crossed the sea. Several reports came of his continued illness, but his death was not expected, and it seems probable that at his advanced age the voyage told severely on his constitution, already somewhat shaken by the change from Italy to Canada which he made when appointed to the bishopric. He had only been a bishop a little over three year.

How Santa Claus Went into Business.

Did you ever hear where Santa Claus was born, and what makes him like little children? Well, if you didn't, I will you the story as my grandmother told me when she was an awfully old woman and remembered things that you and I have never heard of.

Little Johnny Claus was born away up in the North-land, where a great forest stretched for many miles on both sides of the big black river near which stood his father's little cabin. This was many, many years ago, long before my grandmother's great-great-grandmother was born, and in all that country there were only three little houses where hunters lived. Now, Johnny's father—who was poorer than either of the two others—was sick and could not go out and chase the reindeer and kill the wild chickens that they had to live on through the cold, desolate winter. In each of the other houses there was a little girl, and they were cross and selfish little girls both of them.

When Christmas time came around there was scarcely anything to eat in the little rough pantry in John Claus' home, and his mother cried to think that her little boy would have to go hungry, when there should be feasting and rejoicing over the coming down to earth from His home above the skies of Him who blessed little children and lifted them in His arms and said "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

There was plenty to eat and wear, plum pudding and roast reindeer, and lots of lovely things in the other houses farther down the river, and though they sent some cold meat to the sick hunter to keep him from starving, there were no nice presents for little Johnny; and because he was a boy and could not play with a rag doll and his father was too sick to make him a toy gun, he cried till his little heart was nearly broken, and Christmas brought him no happiness.

As he was standing shivering in the snow by the road that ran along the bank of the river the little girls from the other houses came out and called him "rag bag," and pointed their fingers at him because he cried. Just then, away up among the trees, there came the jingle of bells, and over the snow there came dashing along a sleigh drawn by eight reindeer—for there were no horses up in the North-land. The sleigh was filled with furs and rich robes, and in it was a little princess, whose father ruled over all the North-land; and she had servants and great big boxes full of pretty clothes and toys to play with and nice things to eat. When she saw little Johnny standing by the side of the road, crying so bitterly, and heard the little girls teasing him, she felt sorry for the poor little fellow and told the old coachman to stop his teams of reindeer until she saw what was the matter with the little boy. He told her that his father was sick and that they had nothing to eat, and the little girls were teasing him and calling him "rag bag." She took little Johnny into the sleigh and went up to his father's house and left them warm clothes, and one of her servants gave Johnny a gun and lots of nice things to eat and money enough to make them all richer than the other two hunters who lived further down the river. She told Johnny that she was his little fairy, and that she treated all good boys like that, but never gave anything to naughty little boys or girls who laughed at the poverty of their neighbors or refused to divide their good things with the poor.

When Johnny grew up to be a man he never forgot the fairy princess, and when his father and mother died he buried them under the big tree that hung its branches over the little hut and went away still farther up the great North-land. Stumbling along one day he found a big mine of gold just like the money the princess had given his father. Johnny soon got very, very rich, and went all over the great North country, and found all the little boys and girls who were poor and cold and brought them up to his mine; and there he built a big city that stands alone away, away up at the farthest part of the great North-land. And there he taught them to make all the pretty toys and rocking-horses, and whistles, and dolls, and rubber balls, and picture books, and Noah's arks, and little wagons, and wheelbarrows, and chairs, and everything that Santa Claus brings down the chimney at Christmas Eve.

Because he was so good when he got old people around called him "Saint," and the little boys and girls who could not say "saint" very plainly, called him "Santa," and that is how he got the name of Santa Claus. Remembering the good little princess, and trying to be like her, every winter, with his teams of reindeer and sleighs longer than a train of cars, he takes his toys and pretty things and piles them up in the toy shops, and on Christmas Eve he rushes out with his sleighs and loads them up and takes them to all the good little boys and girls. Of course, he wouldn't have time to do all this in one night all over the world if he didn't have his toys in the towns all ready to distribute, and that is why you see so many things in the toy stores. They are just warehouses where Santa Claus keeps them, so as not to have to haul them all from his city away up in the North-land.

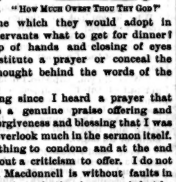
Rev. D. J. Macdonnell.

Inside and out, St. Andrew's church is massive and handsome. Everything betokens wealth and good taste. The pulpit is of the high, old-fashioned sort, and has no side doors or spacious platform, which so often suggest the stage of a theater. In front, the baptismal font, plain communion table and straight-backed chairs for the elders remind one of the old times, when even the suggestion of a church organ would have instantly split the most liberal Presbyterian congregation wide open.

In St. Andrew's the music is good, and the congregation joins heartily in the singing. Almost the first comer finds Mr. Macdonnell in his pulpit, and in every hymn you can hear his splendid voice joining in the praise with that heartiness and sincerity which at once captivates the listening stranger.

Last Sunday night the church was crowded as I sat down for the first time to hear the pastor of St. Andrew's. I liked to hear him sing, not that he is such a good singer, but because he seemed to be in church like the rest of us—to worship and not simply to preach and be worshipped.

Then he prayed. He did not simply shut his eyes and address himself to the audience as many preachers do. His prayer was a petition to God, and no one could listen without joining in the devotion and feeling the solemn reverence of his voice and words. "Almighty, Eternal and Invisible God!" These opening words fell on an audience as still as life can be, and the sense of reverence which should impress mortals who approach the Divine Presence, seemed to touch preacher and hearers alike. The rustle of a leaf turned in a hymn book or bible by some careless one in the gallery, could be heard all over the house. No priest ever approached the altar of his God with more reverential awe than did the pastor; and but few modern listening multitudes seem to feel the Presence among them more than did the congregation at St. Andrew's. Many preachers do not know how to pray in public, and their carelessness seems to be the result of too much public praying; they become too familiar and address the Almighty in a conversational and sometimes frivolous tone, which jars harshly on every reverential ear. I cannot conceive how any believer, with a particle of sentiment, or a grain of even the crudest imagination, can approach without reverence the Great I Am in His Majesty and Glory, on His Throne, ministered unto by hosts of Angels and refulgent in Light where no night can be. As they pray, cannot they see Him and feel Him? Are their coarse minds incapable of calling up to their spiritual view the majestic glories of the God to whom they speak? Or if they do comprehend their own littleness and are ever so slightly humbled by the Greatness into Whose Presence they rush, why do they use the same commonplace tone which they would adopt in telling their servants what to get for dinner? A holding up of hands and closing of eyes does not constitute a prayer or conceal the frivolty of thought behind the words of the petition.



"HOW MUCH OWEST THOU THY GOD?"

It is so long since I heard a prayer that seemed to be a genuine praise offering and petition for forgiveness and blessing that I was prepared to overlook much in the sermon itself. But I had nothing to condone and at the end was left without a criticism to offer. I do not say that D. J. Macdonnell is without faults in his elocution or in perfection in exegesis but he is natural, fervid and eloquent. How could one sit through a sermon like the one he gave last Sunday night and pick flaws in tone and gesture when a torrent of impassioned truth was demanding the attention of every receptive faculty? Nor would it be a true criticism even of the art of his discourse and method of delivery, could one so cynical have dismissed the subject matter to hearken only to tones and watch gestures. Pulpit art and natural pulpit eloquence are to be judged from their instantaneous effects. The power of pulpit logic is only in answer to a rebellious intellect—this power is possessed in a wonderful degree by Mr. Macdonnell. But he has also the fire that flashes into the soul and the vivid lightning which at one stroke makes a man care whether there really is a God or not: whether he has a soul to save or if it is worth while. Unless a preacher can do this, he preaches to a strong man in vain and at the same time if he lacks the logical power to answer the questions of their awakened conscience, he loses the opportunity his eloquence has given him of making a profound and permanent impression. That the rare union of these qualities startled and moved me is not surprising. I wondered if it attracted other men as much and turned and glanced at the congregation. Most of it looked devoutly Presbyterian, and notice—the majority were men!

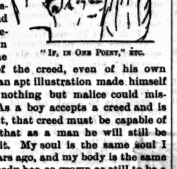
"PROVE ALL THINGS."

Many score times have I heard strangers in Toronto ask who should they go to hear preach on Sunday. In nearly every instance, if the reply came from an intellectual man, acquainted with our pulpit forces, it would be "Mr. Macdonnell." As I turned and looked at the audience and remembered this, I knew the reason. Men of the world will not consent to be treated as sucklings, even by a preacher. They are used to answering questions and proving statements, and will not be put off in religious matters with an abstract scrap of scripture or the description of a feeling. Meat for men and milk for babes! Men who have met and fought ignorance, either commercially or forensically, cannot be told to "open their mouths and shut their eyes, and take what cometh from the skies." They want a reason, and they crowd St. Andrew's because there they are given a reason and are given it with an honest fervor that strikes conviction to every honest heart.

The preacher's text was I. Thess., v.; 21 and 22—"Prove all things; hold fast that which is good; abstain from every form of evil." He held that every man had a right to ask for proof, even of the Inspiration of the bible, and should be permitted, as Paul permitted the Thessalonians, to judge individually. He did not believe in answering an objection with a sneer or trying to convert those who were in error by abuse. While human minds differ, so long will conclusions diverge, but if godly life is produced by the dogmas held we should follow the Savior's injunction to judge a tree by its fruits—be careful not to condemn that which must be good or its results would be bad.

It is not my purpose to report the sermon, only the impressions it produced. The plea for liberality I never heard excelled, the doctrine that the liberty which is allowed the parishioner should be extended to the pastor was unanswerable, and the prophecy that, much as the Church had been broadened in the past twenty years, it would be distanced by the changes of the next twenty was so evidently true that no one will gainsay it.

In spite of his broad views and many liberal expressions Mr. Macdonnell is a cautious speaker, and is careful to hedge every statement by a reference to other meanings than he intends. It is evident he has grown so used to misrepresentation that he must guard against every chance of misquotation and wrong interpretation. In speaking of the enlargement of the creed, even of his own church, he by an apt illustration made himself so clear that nothing but malice could misunderstand. As a boy accepts a creed and is satisfied with it, that creed must be capable of expansion so that as a man he will still be satisfied with it. My soul is the same soul I had thirty years ago, and my body is the same body, but my body has so grown as still to be a fit tenement for the soul. So must the creed of a church keep pace with our capacity if it is not to lose its hold upon modern thinkers and modern thought, and as Mr. Macdonnell explained, "We must not contend that we have every particle of truth made up into nice little packages correctly labelled."



"IF, IN ONE POINT," ETC.

In preaching as in prayer, Mr. Macdonnell is impressive fervent and natural. His strong face overshadowed by a broad and noble brow, lights up as he speaks, and his voice throbs with every emotion he feels. In gesture he is excitable but always natural and pleasing. As he leans over his pulpit, and quietly talks to his audience, as when he is declamatory and thrilling, there is a reserve of power and passion which is always surging eagerly into his voice and gestures, but which never overcome his self-possession. This reserve of power and passion is strangely moving and adds mightily to the words which come forth as if there were yet more burning words behind.

But it is useless to try to describe a man who is a species not a specimen. His power for good is so great, and his views so broad and Catholic, and his liberality so far separated from the tricks which weak and unscrupulous men use to obtain popularity, that I am at a loss how to convey an idea of his power. Humanity, culture, conscience and a fervid piety of thought make him broad; eloquence gives him expression, and eager warmth makes the hearer receptive and no ostentatious heterodoxy or professional tricks to secure applause ever crop up to shock the seeker for truth.

Rev. Mr. Macdonnell was born in Bathurst, N. B., in 1843. He was educated for the ministry at Queen's College, Kingston, and in Edinburg and Glasgow. He has been a minister twenty-one years—four years in Peterboro and seventeen in Toronto, and it is surprising that a man of such great ability should have been kept in Toronto so long. In New York he would have nothing to fear in a pulpit beside the most noted divines, of whom the world has heard much more than of the pastor of St. Andrew's.] DON.

Advertising as a Fine Art.

IV.

I have already pointed out briefly that daily newspaper advertising is poor work at the best. Let us go more deeply into this postulate. We have here three morning papers each one of which appeals to a different class of people or, at any rate, constituency of readers. We have two evening papers, one of which voices the views and circulates in the homes of working people, while the other one don't voice anybody's views in particular and is mainly read by servant girls and people out of work. For regular commercial advertising it is worthless, although it is probably the best medium for procuring employes. The average merchant only appeals to one section of the community. His aim in advertising should be to reach that section at the least possible cost to himself. Therefore, if he desires to accomplish this he will advertise only in those papers which go directly to the people he is anxious to reach.

*

Then look at it another way. Let us say that a big percentage of people take two or three papers—one in the morning and a couple in the evening, or vice versa. If the advertiser's announcements appear in all these papers, he is virtually appealing over and over again to the same constituency, when he might have reached, if not all, at any rate, most of them, by advertising in the one paper most generally read. There is no sense in giving $30 for what you can get for $10. So, you see, which ever way you look at it, it is expensive and useless for advertisers to cry their wares in all the daily papers. I affirm that with the ordinary application of business principles to advertising, the average advertiser can save two-thirds of the money he yearly invests in it.

*

I have heard a great many merchants declare that advertising is no good; they have tried it and found it work unsatisfactorily. The reason is found in what I have written here. The advertiser puts his announcement in a paper not read by the people to whom his advertisement applies. It would be foolish to offer silks to Fiji Islanders or Esquimaux. As a consequence he does not get their patronage. It is not the fault of advertising, nor is it the fault of the paper. The blame, if blame it can be called, lies with the advertiser and the readers. The constituency appealed to was the wrong one.

*

I honestly believe they understand these things better in the States. If you are curious, some day take a look through the big New York dailies. On week days you seldom see advertisements other than the ordinary run of auction sales, amusements, excursions, etc., and the small three-liners—wants, for sales and lodgings. But on Sundays papers of three, four and five times the ordinary number of pages are issued, and you will find these full to overflowing with the announcements of dry goods' merchants, milliners and other retailers. You will also find a curious illustration of the soundness of the position I took some weeks ago in speaking of trade journalism, for in all these papers you will never see the advertisements of wholesalers. Wholesale trades have their regular trade papers, which, while their circulation may be small, go to the retailers the wholesalers are anxious to reach, and are, consequently, the wholesale merchant's cheapest and best mediums.

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Now the Sunday papers of the United States are the Saturday papers of Canada. They are of more value than the ordinary edition because they are of larger size, contain more special matter and consequently are kept and read longer. This emphasizes my previous statement that weekly advertising is after all the best. An exclusively Saturday paper, of large and influential circulation and good standing, is an infinitely preferable medium to the low-priced dailies which are stale and worthless ten hours after they leave the press. The Saturday paper contains matter of more permanent value than the mere idle chronicling of drunks and runaways. It is kept, referred to constantly and read from end to end. It is not only of value from one week's end to the other, but in nine cases out of ten is laid away for reference, so that the advertisements in it are things of lasting value. If a special announcement is to be made through the week use the best daily medium for it, but with the average advertiser—and, bear in mind, that all through I speak of the rule, and not the exceptions—it is a hundred per cent. better to wait for Saturday. THE ADVERTISER.

Christmas.

My little child comes to my knees,
And nuggling down into my lap
Into my lap to hear me tell
The Christmas tales he loves so well—
A tale my mother told to me,
Beginning, "Once upon a time."

It is a tale of skies that rang
With angel rhapsodies sublime:
Of that great host, serene and white,
The shepherds saw one winter night
And of the glorious stars that sang
An anthem once upon a time.

This story of the hallowed years
Tells of the sacrifice sublime
Of One who prayed alone and wept
While his awearied followers slept—
And now His blood and Mary's tears
Commingled, one upon a time.

And now my darling at my side,
And echoes of the distant chime,
Bring that sweet story back to me—
Of Bethlehem and Calvary,
And of the gentle Christ that died
For sinners once upon a time.

The mighty deeds that men have told
In ponderous tones or fluent rhyme,
Like misty shadows fade away—
But this sweet story bides for aye,
And, like the stars that sang of old,
We sing of "Once upon a time."

EUGENE FIELD.

The Autograph Craze.

Jay Gould's autograph brought £100 in London last week. It was at the end of a check for $500.

Here and There.

A great many years ago there lived in this fair city a gentleman with a Level Head. His Head was not only Level but Great. In his mind's eye he mapped out Spadina avenue, saw what a fine street it could be made, and in his own quiet but energetic way he set about making it. He devised a street long and broad with stretches of green sward to border the roadway, and near either end of it he reserved a space where nature might hold sway and which could be breathing spots for the children of the neighborhood, and would also break up the monotony of the long reach of dusty roadway. One of these spaces was circular in form, and where the road met it the road branched both ways, forming a crescent on either side. The other was set square in the centre of the street and the roadway spread around it. The grass grew green, the trees flourished, the birds sang merrily and all went well. But by-and-by a change came. A new generation budded and blossomed, a generation with new ideas and "modern" fancies. They laughed at the tender green in the heart of the wide street. "Bizness is bizness," they said, "we don't want no lovely nature loafin' around our bricks and mortar. Ye can't make 'em harmonize. Whoever heard of commercial prosperity beneath green trees?" So they used the circular park as a site for big, bold, staring and ugly Knox College, and the other park was despoiled of its use and beauty by a double street car track through it. All of which, I make bold to say, was never intended by the lamented gentleman who devised the property to the city.

* * *

Some of these days Spadina avenue is going to be the big business street of West Toronto. It is truly the finest street in Toronto, and would be a hundred per cent. finer if Knox College were only out of the way. There was some talk last summer of moving the college, but latterly we have not heard more of it. If the business men and property-owners of the locality would but take the matter in hand, they could probably give the scheme fresh and vigorous impetus. Without having gone very deeply into the history of the affair however, I fancy the college has no legal right to be there. My recollection is, though I may be mistaken, that the late Mr. Baldwin left it to Toronto for a specific purpose—that of a public park—and what right the civic authorities had to let Knox College be built on it I can't for the life of me understand. But it always seems to me that ordinary civic authorities do things so foolish that a schoolboy would blush to be responsible for them. The affairs of a city should be managed as carefully as the affairs of any private business; but the men who are at their head, in nine cases out of ten, betray the utmost ignorance of all business principles and go blundering along in a blind, stupid and intolerable way. Otherwise, they would keep city property for the city and citizens. It is this same assinine mismanagement that has plunged Toronto head and heels in debt and put taxes up to starry heights; it was this same assinine mismanagement which led to all the trouble in the Waterworks Department, and it is this same assinine mismanagement that is responsible for all the lawsuits that crop up at every court, in which the city always gets the worst of it, and which invariably result in an elongated bill of costs for the city to pay.

* * *

No business man would ever think of running his business in the same lax way that the affairs of this big city are handled. If he did he would land in the bankruptcy court. And if things continue much longer as they have been under Mayor Howland's pre ious, pious management—mismanagement is perhaps a better way to put it—my own impression is that Toronto will land there or thereabouts, too.

* * *

Fred Cook, the Ottawa correspondent of the *Mail*, is to do the same work for the *Empire*. Cook's place has been filled by John Ewan, who has for some time been doing the municipal reporting on the *Mail*.

* * *

The craze amongst American publishers for producing special Christmas numbers of their various papers and periodicals, has thrown some very fine editions of American prints on the market this season. It is perhaps fitting that at Christmas time a little extra jubilation should be indulged in, and in a quiet way SATURDAY NIGHT recognizes that feeling this week, but my own impression is that it would be better if these American publications would follow SATURDAY NIGHT's example and give their readers a series of Christmas numbers, all the year round. In a great many cases matter that might be judiciously used in the ordinary way is held back for some special edition, and while this undoubtedly makes the one edition very fine it has the effect of weakening the regular issues of the paper. Readers of SATURDAY NIGHT may rest assured that such will never be the case with it. Its general excellence will be maintained, no matter what may be done in the future in the shape of producing especially elaborate numbers. SATURDAY NIGHT has caught the fancy of the public *as no other such publication ever has before in any part of the world*, and it will always progress in the same kindly, pleasant way that has already marked its career. In many respects SATURDAY NIGHT is a unique production, and the great success that has come to it prove beyond a doubt that its uniqueness pleases. It always endeavors to be critical without being abusive, kindly without being gushy, personal without being offensive, and bright and vigorous without descending to vulgarity or departing from the limitations of good taste.

* * *

Somebody made a proposition in Hamilton to establish a police patrol signal box system there, and on the strength of it the Hamilton *Spectator* is congratulating itself on Hamilton's progressiveness and enterprise. This is just like Hamilton. Now, in Toronto we do things differently. Some time ago the value of this system was recognized, and it was quietly introduced without any to-do about enterprise and progressiveness. It was a simple thing done in an ordinary way, just as a thousand things are done here every year which the growing requirements of this big city demand. By-and-bye, when Hamilton grows out of its rural simplicity it will not jubilate so much about these little things.

* * *

In stationing the signal boxes some one, I don't know who, was guilty of the most arrant stupidity in at least one instance. A box has been planted at the corner of Yonge and King streets, but why, it is hard to imagine. With a station within a hundred yards of the corner, where a sergeant and one or two men are always on duty, with two or three policemen around the corner itself day and night, I can't for the life of me understand how anyone could be so foolish as to put a box there. The place for these boxes is around in the outskirts of the city, where the protection is inadequate, not in the very heart of it, where a man can get a whole troop of policemen by holding up his finger and whistling.

Some Other Saturday Nights.

I read with considerable interest the article published in this paper last week under the caption of Some Saturday Nights. My interest was very real, because in my brief career, I have spent some Saturday nights myself, and I was anxious to have recalled more vividly the silhouettes of the Past—with a big P please—which are stamped on my memory. But the memories aroused were the memories of somebody else. The writer led me with pleasant platitudes and meticulous moralizings to the pastoral simplicity of a bosky existence, where green glades and triumphant trees made life an even thing of tempered sunshine, with breezes, brooks and birds to complete the harmony of it.

You know it is very nice, that little sketch. It is pretty, like a baby's face; the sentences are nicely rounded and it is decidedly well written. But, my boy, life isn't all golden-rod and grass-hoppers; good-fellowship and gush. It goes beyond that and gets ugly and malignant. There are sharp teeth in the saw and at our very feet yawns the cavern of Despair.

Do you see that young man passing the door there? What sort of a Saturday night do you fancy he spends? Will he go home with his week's wages and put them in his wife's lap? Do you think he will, George? (I will call you George because it's handy.) Do you imagine that is where he is going now? Not a bit of it, my boy. In the first place he isn't married. Just now he is heading for the nearest saloon, where he will pour his money in the lap of the saloon-keeper. He will stay there with a crowd of boon companions until 9 o'clock comes, and when he breaks from the bar the chances are he will carry a growler. If so be it, be he be of a speculative turn of mind he will strike a poker party and shuffle the pasteboards until the church bells ring in the morning. Then he will go home with bloodshot eyes, bad breath and a big head, and slumber until the evening comes and it is time for him to call on his adored. Ten to one that as they walk back from church, he will regale her with the same sort of platitudinarian prettiness that you regaled us with last week. That is one reason why there is so much matrimonial misery in this world. You see he lacks courage to tell her about it before marriage. He moans and moralizes like the *Sunday School Messenger*, and she thinks him pure and pious. After marriage she observes that he sometimes drinks whisky and plays poker. So she weeps salt tears and runs to her mother in anguish of soul and says she wants a separation. By and by the wind calms and the lake sleeps, but she never forgets that he has deceived her.

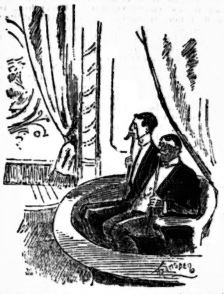
But there are Saturday nights worse than these, George. Come out with me on the street now, and I can pick you out a dozen young men in as many minutes, who could, if they would, tell tales to shock your soul. They could tell you the pitiful stories of weak, white-faced girls led on, step by step, by sharpers and swindlers disguised with suave manners and buttressed by good clothes and bric-a-brac, to the hidden dangers that lurk in the pathways of all city life—led on until, robbed and ruined, they are flung back, penniless and friendless, into the cold whirlpool of a big human sea, henceforth to live in poverty and shame. The great hearts of these gay Saturday-nighters must have swollen time and again, as they thought of the pitiful stories of these poor girls who were attracted to the scene on Saturday nights by the glamor of the bright lights and the merry jostlings of the crowd, only to find themselves wrecked and cast away at last. But they keep silence, and only once in a while is the pathetic story of some unfortunate told in reportorial rhetoric through the columns of the daily papers.

You have not told us about these things, George. You have left unrecorded the undercurrents of a great city—the midnight orgies and debaucheries, the breath of brimstone and the dream of damnation. You have painted a picture in pale tints, when you might have made it glow with warm, primary colors. Go to! We are not all frisky cherubs who will never know the sad significance of gout, because we haven't the wherewithal to have it. The Saturday night sea is deep, my son, and when again the spirit moves you to sail over its rippling surface, take along your grappling irons and drag.

SPIFF.

The Household is a new department in the SATURDAY NIGHT. It is bright and cleverly written and has made a decided hit.

At the Theaters.



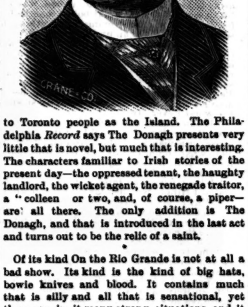
There have been a great many changes in the cast of Erminie since it was here last year. Four of the principals remain—Addie Cora Reed as Erminie, Mamie Sutton as Marie, Fred. Solomon as Cadoux and Fred. Hall as Dupois. On Monday night Hall played the Marquis in place of G. W. Wade, whose illness prevented his appearance. While the company as a whole is fully as good as was the one last year, I don't think the change in principals has been altogether advantageous. Ravenne, the gentlemanly thief, is played by Henry Walton, who was seen here last season as the Cuckoo in the English production of that name. I do not care for his Ravennes, although it is a clever bit of acting, possibly because my ideas of the part were formed through seeing his predecessor. I could never tolerate a Koko after seeing Joe Herbert play the part, and while I appreciate Mr. Walton's cleverness, I wish he had in him more of that unctuous humor which distinguished the Ravennes of last season. Miss Reynolds, too, is a very indifferent Javotte. Her voice is short in compass, and in the upper register sounds worn and flat. Her acting is also deficient. Jennie Weathersby, as the Princess, however, is a marked improvement. She is a clever and conscientious artist, and enhances the ludicrous character she portrays by quaint and dainty touches that make it both more sprightly and more palatable. The company, apart from those mentioned, is an excellent one; the chorus singing is good and both the male and female choruses are well trained. The orchestration is magnificent and the performance as a whole is as thoroughly enjoyable as it was last year.

*

Monday night the house was well filled. The lower boxes were occupied. In one of the lower left hand boxes I noticed Miss Marjorie Campbell, Miss Schreiber, Miss Burnham and Mr. Harcourt Vernon, and in one of the right hand boxes were Miss Robinson, Miss Carr, Mr. Fox and Mr. Shanley.

*

The favorite Irish comedian Joseph Murphy will be at the Grand all next week in Kerry Gow, Shaun Rhue and his new play The Donagh, by George Fawcett Rowe. Everybody has seen Joe Murphy and knows all about him, and Kerry Gow and Shaun Rhue are as familiar



to Toronto people as the Island. The Philadelphia *Record* says The Donagh presents very little that is novel, but much that is interesting. The characters familiar to Irish stories of the present day—the oppressed tenant, the haughty landlord, the wicked agent, the renegade traitor, a "colleen or two, and, of course, a piper—are all there. The only addition is The Donagh, and that is introduced in the last act and turns out to be the relic of a saint.

*

Of its kind On the Rio Grande is not at all a bad show. Its kind is the kind of big hats, bowie knives and blood. It contains much that is silly and all that is sensational, yet there are in it many strong situations, and it has evidently been written by one at home on the stage, with a good eye to dramatic possibilities and effect. It is not at all original. We find in it the old materials of halfbreed scoundrelism spent, for no apparent purpose, on beautious maidens, who are finally heroically rescued by fine-looking young men with tight-fitting pantaloons, top boots and long hair, who say "Heah, gal," and otherwise show their supreme contempt for the ordinarily accepted methods of pronunciation. Yet, old as the materials are, they are well handled and in one or two instances the arranger of this stage picture gives evidence of an ability to do better work.

*

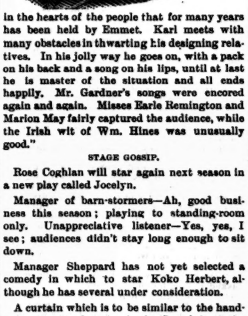
With a play of this sensational, blood-curdling description a good deal of what is technically termed scene-chewing is demanded, and I am bound to say that, as a rule, the company embraces every opportunity to feed on the canvas. It is rant, rant, rant from the curtain's rise until its final fall, and that is the principal fault. On the Rio Grande will never succeed below stairs, but it will certainly prove popular with those theater-goers who don't care about probabilities, so long as there is a rapid succession of exciting scenes and incidents, with the right maiden rescued and the right villain fooled at last.

*

A young lady writes me that she is anxious to adopt the stage as a profession, and wants my advice on the subject. She says she has studied elocution with some of the best teachers, and, besides, possesses histrionic talent. My advice is plain and to the point. Keep off the stage, if you know when you are well off. Even if you have every quality necessary to make a success, the life of the average actor or actress is the life of a slave. But elocution and histrionic talent go a very little way to make a successful actress. It takes good looks, a good figure, plenty of gall and the knack to twist a manager around your little finger at your will, and, above all, a big wardrobe of costly dresses and a big casket of jewels to make any headway on the stage nowadays. If you possess all these, go in.

*

At the Toronto Opera House Charles Gardner will play all week in Karl the Peddler. Tuesday evening's performance will be for the benefit of the Commercial Travelers' Baseball Club, tickets for which are going fast. The Brooklyn *Times* in speaking of Gardner says: "This gentleman is rapidly usurping the place



in the hearts of the people that for many years has been held by Emmet. Karl meets with many obstacles in thwarting his designing relatives. In his jolly way he goes on, with a pack on his back and a song on his lips, until at last he is master of the situation and all ends happily. Mr. Gardner's songs were encored again and again. Misses Earle Remington and Marion May fairly captured the audience, while the Irish wit of Wm. Hines was unusually good."

STAGE GOSSIP.

Rose Coghlan will star again next season in a new play called Jocelyn.

Manager of barn-stormers—Ah, good business this season; playing to standing-room only. Unappreciative listener—Yes, yes, I see; audiences didn't stay long enough to sit down.

Manager Sheppard has not yet selected a comedy in which to star Koko Herbert, although he has several under consideration.

A curtain which is to be similar to the handsome one now hanging in the Grand, is on the paint frame in that theater. It is to be sent to British Columbia.

Janauschek will leave for Europe soon. In that case, America loses her greatest actress.

What is the stage coming to? A String of Onions is the title of a new comedy soon to be produced in New York. It ought to be strong.

Fred. Williams, well known as stage manager for twenty years at the Boston Museum and now acting in the same capacity for the Boston Ideal Opera Company, has written a new play, Cherry Ripe, for Annie Pixley, who will produce it for the first time at Cleveland on the 26th inst.

Why is it that some one does not start a school where actors can learn to wear a dress coat? It would do some of them good, and perhaps make them more valuable.

The dude who lately insulted Miss Kate Castleton by continually sending her letters, and who was so deservedly chastised by Mr. Foy, is now singing, Excuse me, I tell you I'm Sore.

By Faith, Not By Sight.

The night is dark, all things invisible;
Deep shrouded in impenetrable gloom
I stand in solitude with saddened heart,
And feel a weird and superstitious dread
To think of loved ones lying in the grave,
Away from all the light and joy of home,
In outer darkness mouldering in the dust
Yet as I upwards strain my eyes in vain,
To see a rent or view a twinkling star,
The inspiration of a sacred thought
Brings sweet communion with the "things above,"
And gives the piercing eye of FAITH to see
The holy scenes of Paradise and Heaven.
Elysian fields the eye hath never seen,
Sweet harmonies the ear hath never heard,
The bliss no human heart hath ever conceived,
Are by the Spirit, through God's word, revealed,
And opened to the inward sight.
From earthly things shut out, 'tis joy to look
And see the light of an eternal day.
To gaze, by faith, upon the Throne of God,
Encircled by the glorious rainbow's hues.
With brightened eyes and glowing heart to view
The Saviour smiling on the seat of power,
Atoning justice to forgiving love.
In posture humble with obedient mien,
The angels, too, are open to my sight,
Standing in readiness around God's Throne,
With patience waiting the Divine commands.
But what are these? Whence hither did they come
Who walk in white 'midst fields of Paradise?
The vast, innumerable throng I see,
Tended and nourished by the Lamb of God;
Their forms all glorious with celestial light,
Their voices tuned to everlasting praise!
Thank Thee, O Father, for this glorious sight,
For here are those I knew and loved on earth,
Whose forms are hidden in the loathsome grave.
Not lost! Not lost! By FAITH I see them now:
Their souls were cleansed by Redeeming blood;—
Through tribulations great they reached their rest;—
At home! At home! Forever with the Lord!

E. SHEPARD.

The Stems were Empty.

Mistress (arranging for dinner): Didn't the macaroni come from the grocer's, Bridget?

Bridget: Yis, mum, but Oi sint it back. Every wan av thim stims was impty.

After All.

"I cannot say yes, Walter. I shall always be a sis——"

"Sister to me! No you won't."

"Yes, Walter; your brother Charles proposed to me last night, and I accepted him."

T. EATON & CO.

190 YONGE STREET.

DURING THIS HOLIDAY SEASON HAVE YOU NEVER GOT A LITTLE MIXED BY READING ADVERTISEMENTS? STRANGE IF YOU DON'T. TWO OR THREE, OR HALF A DOZEN STORES, CAN'T EACH HAVE THE "BEST" OR "CHEAPEST" OF THE SAME THING. MUST BE MISTAKES SOMEWHERE.

WE WEIGH OUR WORDS WITH CARE, TRY TO SAY TOO LITTLE RATHER THAN TOO MUCH. WE WANT YOU TO FIND HERE EVERYTHING MORE THAN YOU EXPECT. IT IS OUR BUSINESS TO KEEP POSTED, AND WE DON'T EXPECT YOU TO COME TO US FOR THINGS YOU CAN GET FOR LESS SOMEWHERE ELSE. WE INTEND TO LEAD. NO ONE CAN BUY CHEAPER THAN WE DO. NO ONE CAN SELL WITH PROFIT ON A LESS MARGIN THAN WE. WHY, THEN, SHOULD WE BE UNDERSOLD? IT IS OUR OWN FAULT IF WE ARE, BUT ONLY ETERNAL VIGILANCE WILL KEEP OUR STOCK BEST AT EVERY POINT. YOU KNOW WHETHER WE MEET THE CASE. YOUR GROWING CONFIDENCE EXPRESSED IN ACTS OF BUYING TELLS US A PLEASING STORY.

TAKE BOYS' AND YOUTHS' CLOTHING. LOOK AT ANY WE HAVE; NEAT, TRIM, DAINTY. NO 'PRENTICE HANDS SHOW EITHER IN THE DESIGNS OR WORK. YOU COME HERE FOR TASTY, WELL-FITTING GARMENTS; THEY'RE WHAT WE KEEP; THE SAME CAN BE SAID OF OUR OVERCOATS AND CLOTHING FOR MEN.

IF YOU ARE GOING TO BEGIN THE NEW YEAR BY GOING INTO HOUSEKEEPING OR EXPECT TO REFURNISH, IN EITHER CASE BEFORE DECIDING CONSULT US ON CARPETS, MATTINGS, RUGS, FLOOR LINENS, OILCLOTHS, WINDOW SHADES, LACE CURTAINS, CORNICE POLES, ETC. AT ANY EVENT, IF YOU HAVE TIME, TAKE A LOOK AT OUR LACE CURTAIN DEPARTMENT. 'TWILL INTEREST AND MAY PROFIT YOU TO LOOK THEM OVER.

MUFFLERS, RICH AND BEAUTIFUL, FANCY IMPORTED CHECK, STRIPES AND PLAIDS. A BEAUTIFUL MUFFLER IS BOTH A FIT AND USEFUL GIFT FOR A YOUNG LADY TO GIVE A GENTLEMAN.

GLOVES AND MITTS—AS COMPLETE A STOCK AS IS SHOWN ANYWHERE. ENGLISH AND SCOTCH GLOVES, KID FUR-TOP AND PLAIN WOOL-LINED DOGSKIN, PLAIN BUTTON SPRING FUR-TOP; EVERYTHING. IT IS NEEDLESS TO SAY THAT WE NAME THE LOWEST PRICES ON GLOVES.

UDERWEAR AT REDUCED PRICES. OUR ASSORTMENT IS LARGE, VARIED AND THOROUGHLY GOOD, AND INCLUDES DOMESTIC AND IMPORTED. TWO OR MORE SUITS WOULD MAKE A VERY SENSIBLE AND ACCEPTABLE CHRISTMAS GIFT TO MANY A HUSBAND, BROTHER, SON OR FATHER.

DRY GOODS,—ENGLISH BROADCLOTHS, TWISTS, CAMEL'S HAIR, HOMESPUNS, HENRIETTA CLOTHS, FRENCH AND AMERICAN CASHMERES, ALSO SOME BEAUTIFUL COMBINATION DRESS PATTERNS SUITABLE FOR HOLIDAY PRESENTS; PRICES THE SAME AS EVERYTHING ELSE IN OUR ESTABLISHMENT.

BOXES FOR COLLARS, CUFFS, ETC. A DISPLAY THAT OUTSHINES 'EM ALL. EVERY NEW CONCEIT THAT'S OUT WILL BE FOUND HERE, AND IN LARGE AND LIBERAL QUANTITY. FANCIFUL TOILET CASES AND QUAINT IDEAS FOR THOSE LOOKING AFTER "SOMETHING DIFFERENT," UNUSUAL. FINE LEATHER AND RICH PLUSH BOXES, LINED WITH SILK AND SATIN, ANY OF WHICH WOULD MAKE A USEFUL AND LASTING PRESENT. HANDKERCHIEF AND GLOVE BOXES, TRAVELING, CLUB AND LEATHER BAGS, SATCHELS, VALISES, TRUNKS, ETC., AT PRICES MUCH BELOW REGULAR RATES.

WHITE GOODS—SUCH AS TOWELS, DAMASKS, NAPKINS, TABLE COVERS, SHEETINGS, ETC. BLEACHED AND UNBLEACHED, THEY ARE HERE AND IN THE SAME QUANTITY AND QUALITY AS ALL OTHER GOODS OF WHICH THIS HOUSE IS NOTED FOR. BE LIBERAL AS YOU CAN WITH PRESENTS BUT DO NOT NEGLECT YOUR OWN HOME COMFORTS.

IN THE BASEMENT WILL BE FOUND A PERFECT WONDERLAND. EVERYTHING YOU CAN THINK OF, FROM A JUMPING JACK TO AN ELEGANT SET OF TOOLS. TOYS FOR THE BABY, TOYS FOR THE STOCKING AND PRESENTS FOR THE GIRLS AND BOYS. DOLLS, DOLL HEADS, AND DOLL BODIES. CHAIRS, MECHANICAL TOYS, DRUMS, ALPHABETICAL BLOCKS, BALLS, BEARS, DOGS AND ANIMALS WITH NATURAL HAIR, BOOKS, JAPANESE GOODS, DOLL BABY CARRIAGES, TRUNKS, BUREAUS, BEDSTEADS, TOOL BOXES, MONEY SAFES, SWINGS, ETC.

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WIDOWER JONES.

A Faithful History of His "Loss" and Adventures in Search of a "Companion."

BY EDMUND E. SHEPPARD,

Author of "Farmin' Editor's Sketches," "Dolly," "A Bad Man's Sweetheart," etc., etc.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE WIDOWER'S HOUSEHOLD.

In country places people seldom express in words their sympathy for a loss by death. Their lives are too near nature for that, and set words stick in their throat. But they make you feel that they are sorry for you, and their very presence is comforting by reason of its silence—and silence in the presence of sorrow is always in good taste. Everybody shook hands with the Jones' before they left the unkempt little burying ground, and many were the quiet promises of "I'll be up teh see yeh fore long!" The promised visitors knew it to be the home-going and home-staying after the funeral of a loved one that are hardest to bear. Never yet on the hottest July day did anyone return to the desolate home without feeling a shuddering chill come over them as they enter their door. The quiet, the Absence, the gloom, is increased by the "straight'ning-up" some kind neighbor has done for you; the supper table, prepared in strange position with chairs set for too few; the windows open to air the house; the smell of crape and the stamp of invasion—everything but mostly the lonesomeness brings desolation home to the heart.

Hulda, with exceeding cordiality and frightful slaughter of "s's," asked Ben to go home with her, and Calvin, in a feeble voice rendered almost inaudible by a convulsive snicker, reiterated the last two words of the invitation and asserted "that was what he'd jist said!"

"All right, I'll go," answered Ben, wearily. "Oh, Ben! please don't," Louie begged, catching hold of his arm; "please come home with us if it's only for to-night. Bessie, make him come!"

"Please come Ben, for our sakes; it will be so lonesome!" Bessie added earnestly, nodding towards her father. "You won't have no trouble with him to-night."

"Say do, Ben; you can ride in the buggy with Bess, and I'll go in the spring wagon"—this, from Hiram, decided Ben, and much to Hulda's disappointment, he went home with Bess.

"Bess, I'm glad it's all all over, and mother's at rest. She had been silent as the horse jogged slowly homeward, Ben staring absently at the clouds of dust rising in the early twilight as the neighbors hurried away to their evening work at home. "And the more I think of it the more I wish I had been laid beside her to-day. May be in her company I might have been admitted where she's gone!"

"Don't talk like that, Ben. You know there's no need of anyone speaking hopelessly of going to Heaven while they have a chance to—to—to be good and make preparation." Bessie started the sentence without intending anything but sympathy, and began to stammer when she found herself drifting so quickly into what Ben might consider a suggestion that he should repent and reform. This was increased when Ben turned his dark and sorrowful face to hers, and looked at her so steadily with his sombre eyes.

"Yes, Bessie, I suppose there is still a chance. 'While the lamp holds out to burn the vilest sinner may return,' but then again he may not. He may be discouraged by the amount of repenting and reforming he'll have to do and the miserable material he has to work on. You're right, I've need of 'being good' and 'making preparation' before I enter into my rest hereafter and try to be an angel. A nice angel I'd make, wouldn't I Bess?"

As his sister caught the cynical look that shone for an instant in his eyes and glistened fiercely in the row of teeth that gleamed through the brown beard, she felt shocked and answered sharply:

"I didn't mean that you are any more unfit than the rest of us. Please don't try to misunderstand me."

"But I mean that I am much more unfit than 'the rest of us'—barring the Deacon—and please don't try to me make me believe you misunderstand the facts. I am not repentant and don't feel the slightest impulse toward 'making preparation,' so don't misunderstand me. I only wish I were all over and the last settled up, no matter what the result! I'm tired of the fight, tired of drinking the gall and wormwood, tired of everything, life included." He spoke with mocking bitterness that ended in a sadly tremulous tone.

Bessie couldn't understand him, and her puzzled look seemed to amuse him.

"Don't you ever get tired of life and wish you were dead and had the money for your clothes?" asked he jeeringly, as if Bessie owed him an emotion.

"Don't Ben, I don't like you when you sneer. Be yourself to me, and I'll try and understand you and not say things to hurt your feelings." As she spoke she laid her hand on Ben's and looked up at him with that honest directness which no one could resist.

He looked at her intently, but her pure, honest eyes never flinched before him. He took her hand in his, and giving it an affectionate squeeze, told her that she comforted him more than any woman he had ever known excepting his mother. "You're a good girl, Bessie, and I'd be a better man if you were always with me. When father marries again you must come and live with me!"

"Ben! How could you say such a thing!" cried Bessie, jerking her hand away from his. "And coming home from your mother's funeral! You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"It may not have been in good taste to make the suggestion, but the facts remain the same. In a twelvemonth our dear parent will have found a stepmother for us. I know it as well as if I had seen the marriage lines. In fact, my unsophisticated young sister, he is already looking over the available females and has made a preliminary choice."

"How can you—how dare you say such a thing! Father's grief has been sincere, though remorseful, and you must be an unnatural son to seek out such opportunities of speaking evil of him."

"All right, my pretty sister; if you are so much smarter at reading people than I am, you can have your way; but I want to tell you that you are blinded by the fact that you can care for him, while my eyes are sharpened by my hate for him and my love for mother. If you will promise not to tell any one or in any way betray a knowledge of what I am going to tell you, I'll whisper in your ear the name of her who has been selected to be the future Mrs. Deacon Adoniram Jones."

"I don't want to hear any more about it. It's too shameful to speak of! I blush to think I have been talking of such a thing."

Ben discovered in her voice a very considerable contradiction of her words. Woman's curiosity was at work, and he was determined she should share his suspicions.

"You needn't get on your high horse, Bessie. What I say is true, and I want you to know of it and (after a pause) help prevent it."

"You are mistaken, Ben, but if you want to confide your suspicions you needn't be afraid I'll repeat tell any one how absurd you are.

"I take that as a promise, Bessie, never to let anyone know that either you or I have ever thought of such a thing. Is that right?"

"Yes; you can be sure I'll not let anyone know that we were wicked enough to talk of such a thing."

"Well then, the woman is Hope Campton!"

"Ben, you're crazy! Why, father's nearly seventy and Hope isn't twenty!"

"It makes no difference if father is five hundred and Hope only five! He's thought of it and she hasn't. She may not accept him, but she'll have a chance to, so don't look so stupified and reproachful. I've seen him hanging around her and looking at her and running to her whenever he had a good-paying spell ready. She's chuck full of parental love and duty and that sort of thing, and is trying to be good to him. He's fairly sickening, and whenever speaks to her in that mushy tone of his I want to go somewhere and be sick. Don't take my word for it; watch him.

"I'll do no such thing. The very suggestion of such a folly and such a—a—a crime answers itself, and makes me sure you're blinded by your dislike of father."

"Now Bessie, don't argue; simply take notice," said Ben coldly, as he jumped out of the buggy to open the gate. "Here they are coming now!"

The democrat wagon was just behind them, and Bessie turned the horse she was driving to one side as Israel drove into the yard, and let him pass her. Hiram and Israel were in the front seat, while Louie—sitting in her father's lap—and Hope occupied the rear. Louie, in her affectionate desire to sooth her father's loneliness and grief had taken his hand in hers, and Bessie noticed, with a queer sinking feeling about her heart, that her father's other hand was in Hope's lap clasping one of her white hands. Bess wondered that Hope's sense of propriety had not prevented it, and Hope herself, though yielding, had felt a nervous repugnance, which she checked in her anxiety to comfort the poor, heartbroken old man at her side, for it was thus she thought of him.

Ben closed the gate with a bang after his brother had driven through and, hurrying forward to help Bessie out of the buggy, detected the look of dismay on her face and the cause of it. He winked at her, and by a gentle push directed her attention to the fact that with unwonted agility her father had jumped from the wagon and forestalled Hiram in his attempt to assist Hope from the vehicle. The sight of this piece of senile gallantry made Bessie blush to the ears, and Ben's question, "What do you think now?" increased her embarrassment.

At supper Ben was startled by his father's announcement that he was so lonely and broken down that he could'nt bear to stay in the house that had witnessed so much of his wedded bliss, and proposed to visit friends in the Western States for the next month. "Ben," said he, in what the gentleman addressed would call a "mushy tone," "You'n me haint never pulled well together, but while I'm gone yeh kin hev a good chance to visit with yer sisters an brothers 'thout any interruption from me an yeh kin stay here an welcome till I come back, an' more, too, if yeh want teh."

Ben was choking with rage before his father got through the invitation, and even Hope felt that the Deacon in his piously condescending tone had rather overdone the "forgiving, forgetting" act and made the bread Ben would have to eat unnecessarily bitter.

"I'm much obliged to you, and as you won't be home I'll accept your invitation," answered Ben coldly, his eyes blazing the while in his father's face.

Hope saw it all, and thinking that the father had gone out of his way to show a forgiving and kindly spirit, she felt that Ben was verily a hardened and vicious man whose dislike of his father must be one of many evil traits.

"We'd be awfully lonesome, Ben, if you weren't here," said Louie, trying to bring the conversation into a more congenial strain, "for Hope is going away to her aunt's for the rest of her holidays and we'd have a month of desolation for sure."

"Why, Hope, when did you decide to go?" asked Bessie, much surprised.

"This morning when I got aunt's letter, but I said nothing of it until we were coming home to-night. I didn't know your father was going away, or I'm not sure I would have gone!"

"I'll do yeh good, Hope," exclaimed the Deacon hurriedly and in deep earnestness, "teh get away from a house of mournin' sich as this is, and I'm sure, yeh won't have any troubl, an' I advise yeh teh go by all means."

The Deacon encountered Ben's sneering gaze and dropped his eyes. Bessie was watching her father, and wondering that he had resolved to go away on a long visit and it struck her as strange that he should have made up his mind so hurriedly and so evidently after he learned that Hope was going away for a month. The Deacon's anxiety that Hope should go to her aunt's now that he had announced his own departure strengthened the suspicion Ben had planted in her mind that her father was already untrue to the memory of her mother.

The Deacon went to the little hanging bookcase on the wall and brought out half-a-dozen bibles, which he distributed to the family announcing:

"We'll read a chapter teh-night, verse about, and hev prayer, seein's we've missed it for three days in the mornin'." Ben laid the book his father handed him on the table, and taking a cigar from his pocket strolled out of the room and out of what was left for him of Hope Campton's respect.

CHAPTER IX.

BEN'S FIRST HAPPY HOME LIFE.

"Father's coming home on Saturday!" exclaimed Bess dolefully, as she handed the short and badly-spelled letter to Louie.

The month had nearly gone, and this letter from the Deacon announced the little hanging bookcase on the wall and brought out half-a-dozen bibles, which he distributed to the family announcing:

"We'll read a chapter teh-night, verse about, and hev prayer, seein's we've missed it for three days in the mornin'." Ben laid the book his father handed him on the table, and taking a cigar from his pocket strolled out of the room and out of what was left for him of Hope Campton's respect.

"Oh be can stay at Calvin's," suggested Lou despondently. "Hulda's crazy to have him, and only keeps Aunt Becky on the understanding that when father comes home she is to get Ben in trade for the old witch."

"We needn't care so much," added Bessie, in utter dejection. "We'll have Aunt Becky to ourselves from being lonesome, you know."

Lou laughed bitterly, and Ben, taking his cigar from his mouth, gave an excellent imitation of Aunt Becky's death-rattle laugh.

"And father will cheer us up, talking about death and how ready and anxious he is to go," continued Bessie more dolefully than ever.

"And Hope!" suggested Ben, raising himself and resting his head on his hand.

"She'll be oppressed by the memory of mother's death and that will continually bring back her own bereavements. Hope is awfully good and kind, but there isn't a particle of jollity in her—she's so dead in earnest and thinks over everything she hears or says till she settles whether it's right or not."

"Hope ought to be a nun," asserted Lou, with an air of settled conviction. "Everything is duty with her; if she ever gets married it'll be from a sense of duty, won't it, Bess?"

"Yes, and not till she's decided that it isn't because she wants to. I believe she'd think it wicked to get married just because she liked some one." As Bessie finished her opinion she thought of what Ben had said about her father's selection of a wife, and she wondered if a sense of duty would make her marry the Deacon. She glanced at Ben, caught his eye and blushed.

"He must be a queer girl," said Ben, replacing his cigar and again stretching himself at full length on the grass and resuming his astronomical studies.

"But I know, Ben," exclaimed Lou ruminatively, "that with all what we call her queerness, she's the kind of girl you told me you'd been trying to find."

Bessie turned suddenly, much interested and looked sharply at Ben.

"I was not aware, Louisa, that I told you I was trying to find a girl of any kind. When was it I described the young lady of whom I am in search?" Ben spoke jokingly, but Bessie's look and the fact that he was turning the description of Hope over in his mind when Lou's words startled him, made him speak with a pointedness which alarmed him in consequence.

"Why! don't you remember, in the walk you took with me, the first Sunday you came home."

"I remember the walk and the talk, my dear Louisa, but I cannot call the fragrance which you refer. Tell me all of what I said regarding the young person for whom I was eagerly, yet hopelessly, in search."

"Don't say you were joking, Ben," said Louie, in a hurt tone, "or you'll make me feel silly for having remembered it and believed it."

"Remember, Lou; you needn't be afraid that I was joking. I was having a spell of seriousness and truthfulness then if I ever had one in my life, poor sister."

"Well, you said you wanted to find some one who would be good to you and trust you and be worthy of being loved and trusted, and who would make you think better of women than you do!"

"But I said that of you, my pretty Louise," broke in Ben kindly.

"But you immediately found out that I was lazy and selfish and hadn't been good to mother—and—and—Ben dropped his voice, and the way you looked at me made me feel that as far as being your ideal, I was a failure—" After a short pause and just a little twinge of jealous remembrance of Ben's evident admiration of Bessie's steadfast goodness, Lou added, "Bess here is nearer it, but Hope is saintliness itself."

Bessie sat on the broad step, her hands clasped about her knees, her head resting against the door-post, and the moonlight streaming down made a halo of her red-brown hair. She was thinking it out and wondering if Ben would choose some one like Hope Campton.

"Bess looks enough like an angel now, Louie, to suit even my exalted taste. It's a pity the young preacher can't see her now, isn't it, Lou?"

"Why, Ben, you know it isn't me, it's Lou Mr. Spring comes to see!" cried Bess, straightening up and speaking vigorously.

"I am aware, Elizabeth, that what you say is true! I spoke as I did to see the effect on your sister. Though I was gazing at the auburn glory of your hair, I was observing Louise out of the corner of my eye, and when I suggested that the Rev. Springtime was not for her she jumped as if I'd pinched her."

"I believe that you really meant that he came to see Bess and not me!" exclaimed Lou with deep earnestness.

"Why, Lou!" Bess began with confusion.

"What a state of self abnegation our sister is in," said Ben, sitting up and resting his broad shoulders against a tree, "when she accuses me of being such a dullard as not to know the direction of the Spring freshet of love that has been exhibited here before my eyes and around my ears a half-dozen times. Who, my modest Louise, could mistake those eyes—they seemed hung on a pivot—that have followed the every motion of your sylph-like form; and those ears, how red they got when, in a moment of self-forgetfulness, you adored, and pitiful to see. And what a soft-boiled tone he had for the rest of the evening! Everything he said reminded me of an underdone steak."

"Anyway, he ain't any more than Frank Gaylor," interposed Lou with ungrammatical eagerness to change the subject of Ben's criticism. "And as for spooning, you should have seen Frank lying in the grass gazing up into Bessie's face last Sunday. Talk about people acting silly, Frank Gaylor's got love-sickness the worst I ever saw!"

"If you commence on him I'm going away," said Bessie decidedly. "Why can's we talk sense for a change. I know he wouldn't like us, Ben, what you intend to do when father comes home. It'll be awfully lonesome if you go away from Applebury."

"I don't believe he intends goin' away!" exclaimed Hiram, who had just joined the group.

"Why?" asked both girls in chorus.

"Because Frank Gaylor told me up at the store just now that he heard Ben had bought Squire Birch's farm from the executors, an' all the stuff in the house, too."

"Oh, Ben! tell us if it's true!" cried Lou, rushing over and lightly seizing her brother's beard in her hands.

"Yes, girlies, it's true; I'm not going to leave you entirely, and when the Deacon marries again, as he's sure to, you can come and live with me."

"Oh, wont that be lovely!" cried Lou ecstatically. "Not father getting married again, but living with you. But what will we think thim father 'll get married again?" she inquired, her voice sliding down to a solemn tone.

"I for one, won't be worry," said Hiram.

"Wouldn't it be ter'ble if he did!" Israel ejaculated, as he saw a vision of his losing the farm he had been so often pestered, "jest like enough raise 'nuther fam'ly an' the rest of us git shoved off."

"Yes, Twelve Tribes," said Ben, standing up and shoving his hands deep in his pockets, "that's about how it'll work if he gets a new wife. He'll forget whose work made the money out in the fields just as quick as he will the memory of the one who worked herself to death in the house. You, Hiram, needn't be so quick to express an opinion because you've never thought it out. Bess and I went over the probabilities and decided that the Deacon was already on the hunt, and I've shown my faith in my opinion by investing in old Birch's farm. We may just as well understand ourselves, however, and try and keep father from making a fool of himself if it's possible. I suppose, even you, Hiram, would agree to help if you saw what I say is right."

"Oh, of course!" Hiram answered sulkily.

"Well then, say nothing to the old man of my motive in buying Birch's place or it'll only encourage him to get married just to get rid of you all. I'm going to shut up the house except when I'm there, and next spring I'll either rent the place or work it on shares."

"You must be pretty well heeled if you kin go round buyin' the best farms there is, like the Birch place," Hiram suggested enviously.

"I'm not going round buying farms, Hiram," Ben answered gravely, "and I'm not a millionaire, but I've had a month of quiet with you here, and the shame that comes to me when I think how I neglected mother has determined me to look after my sisters. Already with them I've tasted for the first time the sweets of home life. Come here, Bess," he called to the figure still sitting silently by the door. "You and Lou are mine, and thank God I've got enough, so you sha'nt have to drudge or marry for a home. Old Ben may be tough, but you've taught him to love you, and a home and your goodness already have made him a better man." With an arm about each he reverently stooped and kissed them, and they could see tears in his eyes.

"I'm sorry I can't take you at once, but I must leave you soon—"

"Oh, Ben!" sobbed Lou, and Bessie as deeply affected, pressed her brother's arm.

—"But it won't be for long, my little girls, and besides it's best for you to stay with father as long as you can, and not give him an excuse to shame mother's memory by starting out at once wife-hunting with the plea that he's got to find someone to keep house for him. You must all keep your own counsel, and no matter how things go I'll back you up, you Lost Tribes, and Hiram, too."

(To be Continued.)

The Boy Kept Step

The other day, while waiting at a desolate way station in Illinois for a train which seemed to have declared itself against schedule time and human patience, my attention was attracted by a man and a small boy who sat on a bench near the end of the platform. The man's face bespoke oppressive weariness, and the exhausted manner in which he leaned back against the station-house, showed that he had been subjected to some great strain. The boy was given to excessive liveliness. He found a large barrel hoop, and in turning it around for closer inspection, struck the man on the nose. Then, securing an old oyster can, he filled it with water from a neighboring puddle and poured it on a carpet-bag which some one had left on the platform. Then, wiping his hands on his clothes, he approached the man. The man sighed deeply and said:

"Run along now."

"What fur?"

"Because I don't want you here. No, I don't want you to put your arms around my neck," he added, when the boy had climbed up on the bench.

"I want to love you."

"Well, but you can love me without choking me. Look out; don't put your muddy feet on me."

"Why?"

"Because I don't want you to, that's why."

"Will people think you have been playing in the dirt?"

"Yes."

"Why will they?"

"Because they will."

"Why will they will?"

"Oh, get down and hush. You are sometimes the most foolish child I ever saw."

"Are you a Anarchist?" the boy asked when he had climbed down, not, however, without wiping his muddy feet on the man's pantaloons.

"Of course not."

"What is a Anarchist?"

"A man who tries to destroy the law."

"What law?"

"The law of the land."

"What land?"

"This land."

"This land right here?" pointing to the ground.

"Yes."

"What is law?"

"It's a—a—rule of civil—that is—look here, sir, are you going to hush and let me alone?"

"What is law? What is law for?"

"To make people behave themselves."

"Can I see the law if I go out there and look on the land?"

"No."

"Then how is it the law of the land?"

"I don't know. Hush."

"Then how do you know it is the law of the land?"

"I don't want to box your ears, but I'm afraid that I'll be sorry if I do."

"Box my ears because I talk?"

"Yes."

"And would you box my tongue because I hear?"

The man sprang to his feet and began to walk up and down the platform. The boy followed, attempting to keep step with him. After a while the man, glancing at his watch, muttered that the superintendent of the road ought to be hanged.

"Is he a Anarchist?" the boy asked.

"No."

"Then why ought he to be hanged?"

"Because he has no regard for the public."

"What's the public?"

"The people."

"Am I the public?"

The man wheeled around and walked away. The boy kept step with him. The man resumed his seat on the bench. The boy found an old shoe, put it on and began to "scuff" around on the platform, pretending that he was lame. Then, declaring that he was a horse, he began to gallop. The old shoe flew off and struck the man on the head, just as he had taken off his hat to mop a handkerchief over the polished surface covering his mine of thought.

"I didn't go to do it," the boy exclaimed.

"Come here, sir, and sit down. Come her this instant. Sit down here, now, and don't let me hear another word out of you. This is the last time you shall ever go anywhere with me. Do you hear? Hah, do you hear? Why don't you answer me, sir?"

"Because you said you didn't want to hear another word out of me."

The man sprang to his feet and began a nervous march up and down the platform. The boy kept step with him.

OPIE P. READ.

French Joke.

At the railway refreshment-room a traveler avails himself of a three minutes halt to call for a basin of broth, for which he pays in advance. The liquid is boiling hot, nevertheless he tries to drink it, when he sees the waiter running up excitedly, saying: "I must inform Monsieur that if Monsieur drinks the broth, it is fifty centimes extra!"—*Charivari.*

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CHAPTER III.

Adelaide found it very difficult, after what had passed between her and Almadale, to write a letter in her usual style to George Yorke and tell him the day for their return to Yardly was fixed. When she did write, the letter was short and cold. She tried to make it warm and affectionate, like those she had been used to sending him in former days, but in vain. She felt as if George had injured her, and her heart was bitter when she thought that but for him she might have said "Yes" to the duke without hesitation.

She looked very grave and sad as she bade adieu to the duke, who came to the railway station to see them off, and took her seat beside the earl in the carriage.

"We shall meet again, soon," were the duke's last words to her, as he held her hand a moment in his, and the earl smiled to himself as he saw how his eyes lingered on her face and how agitated Adelaide was, and how her color came and went. He felt certain it would all be settled when the duke should come to the Castle in a fortnight's time.

Lord Hetherington talked pleasantly to his daughter, as the train bore them rapidly away from London; but he found her silent and distrait and disinclined for conversation.

"She is thinking of her lover, of course," he thought, with a sigh of contentment, as he sank back in his seat and opened his newspaper, leaving her to her meditations.

Her thoughts took a very different direction to what her father imagined they would. The nearer they got to Yardly, the more her heart sank within her, the greater grew her fear of meeting George Yorke, and of the trouble she knew was coming on her.

It was a lovely afternoon, and there was quite a crowd on the little platform at Yardly station when the train drew up. Amongst the crowd she felt certain was George, and she looked around with a frightened glance, expecting to see him. However, to all appearance, he was not there, and she gave a sigh of relief as the Earl handed her into the carriage and they drove off to the Castle.

How bare and shabby the old place looked after the splendid houses Adelaide had been accustomed to for the last year; how faded were the carpets and curtains! how old-fashioned and dilapidated the furniture! Even the gardens, which Adelaide had been wont to look on as perfection, would not bear comparison with those of the country seats she had visited; and there was an air of desolation about the old place that she had never observed before, and which surprised her now she realized it.

"Bah! wretched old place!" said the Earl, with a shiver; "only the twenty-first of August, and one would be all the better for a fire in the dreary old room. Are you tired after your journey, my dear? Well, we will have dinner at seven, and you can go to bed as soon afterwards as you please. There's nothing to sit up for here just now, whatever there may be in a week or ten days' time—eh, my dear?"

And Lord Hetherington laughed meaningly.

"Oh, I'm not a bit tired," said Adelaide. "Somehow the place seems changed, father." And she looked curiously around,

"No, my dear; it's just the same as ever, only a little more moldy and dusty, perhaps," he laughed. "It's you who are changed, my love. You have seen something of the world since you left, and I dare say Yardly doesn't seem such an enchanted castle to you as it used to."

Changed! Yes, the earl was right. Adelaide was changed indeed! She would have given worlds to retire to her room that evening and forget her sorrows in sleep, but she could not. She had promised to meet George Yorke—her husband—in the chestnut avenue at eleven o'clock.

The old house was silent as death as Adelaide crept down from her room, as she had often done before, and made her way under the window of the walls, and through the shrubbery, out into the park, then, with a beating heart, she entered the avenue.

She startled—almost screamed—as George suddenly stepped out from beneath a huge tree into the bright moonlight, and in another moment she was in his arms.

"Adelaide, my darling, my own wife!" he cried, passionately, as he pressed her to his breast, and kissed her eyes and lips over and over again. "At last I have you with me once more!"

He was pale with agitation, and hardly observed the emotion that Adelaide displayed. She trembled, and tried to draw herself away from him, but in vain; his arm held her in a close embrace, from which she could not free herself.

"I saw you at the station, love, though you didn't see me. Jim Blake let me stay in his parlor, and I had a look at you without his lordship knowing I was by. I thought he might wonder at seeing me on the platform if I showed myself, not knowing my right to be there. You look thin and pale, my darling." And he took her face in his strong, brown hands, and held it up to the moonlight. "What have you been doing with yourself? Tell me you love me, and are glad to see me, sweet."

"Yes, George," she said, with a loving look, for her heart warmed towards him again as he spoke so lovingly to her, and looked so handsome in the moonlight. "I looked for you at the station, but I thought you didn't know what train I was coming by, and so didn't come down to meet me."

"I saw you look round, darling," he said, gazing passionately into her face. "Adelaide—Adelaide! I don't think I can let you go from me again; I couldn't bear it. You don't know the misery I have suffered since you left me. Do you remember that evening, darling, and our walk on the heath?"

"Yes—yes, I remember, George," she said, her heart standing still with dread at his words.

"I never knew what it would be to be here without you, love, and I can't bear to think of it again," he went on.

"Don't think of it. I am here now—only just returned," she said, coaxingly.

"Here! Yes; but for how long?" he replied, holding her a little way from him, and looking at her admiringly. "Sweetheart, you are more beautiful than ever! How can I bear to be separated from you?"

"But you won't be—at least, not yet!" she answered.

"Ah! I shall see you here sometimes, I suppose?" he said, moodily, drawing her to his side again. "I shall see you at church and in the village, and—and surrounded with men who look on me as not fit to brush their boots, and who would think you degraded by my love. I can't bear it, dear! Be merciful, and let us make an end of it."

"George, you frighten me," she said, in a trembling voice. "Think of my father! Ah! you don't know what he is. I am afraid of him when he gets angry."

George laughed defiantly.

"You need fear no one, now you are my wife, love!" he said.

"And—my money?" said Adelaide.

"Money! What do we care for money, lass? I've enough; we shan't have to keep up a fine house and carriages and servants. The farm's well furnished, and there's money in the bank. I'm ready to take my wife home!" he answered.

Adelaide trembled.

"It can't be yet, dear," she said. "We must wait!"

"But why?" he retorted. "I tell you I don't care for money. Ten thousand pounds won't repay me for all I've suffered this year gone, Adelaide. Ah!"—and he looked at her searchingly—"is what I have been told true, then?"

"What have you been told, George?" she asked in a trembling voice.

"That—that they want you to marry ——" he began.

"Let them want me to marry whom they please!" retorted Adelaide. "They can't make me marry anyone now, George. I am your wife. We are safe."

"That's true. But I am jealous, dear. They may turn your heart from me, and that would be worse than losing you altogether," he answered.

"As if that could be!" replied Adelaide, touched by the misery in his voice. Don't make yourself wretched for nothing, or waste the little time we have together in saying hard things to me. I've had my troubles, too, George, I can tell you."

"My poor darling!" cried George. "No doubt you have, and I, like a selfish brute, have been only thinking of my own. Forgive me!"

And then they talked together of many things, walking up and down beneath the chestnut trees till the moon set, and the light of the stars alone guided their steps; then as the clock in the village church struck two, they bade each other farewell.

"It is hard, very hard, to let you go, darling," murmured George. "Oh, Adelaide! must things go on like this for nine long months?"

She soothed him with sweet words. His humor frightened her.

She dreaded that his patience would give way, and that her father might learn all.

It was with a feeling of relief that she saw him depart, and, wrapping her cloak round her, she glided swiftly back to the castle, and, lifting the window sash of an unused room, entered, and in a few minutes found herself in her own bedchamber again.

She sank half exhausted on the bed.

"I don't know how it is," she thought, as she threw herself back on the pillows; "I am far more timid and nervous than I used to be. Formerly, I never feared being found out when I used to go to meet George; now I tremble and quake at every turn, at every sound. What can have come over me? If George could see me now he would understand what I have to go through to meet him. I don't know how I shall stand it; and when they all come down it will be worse than ever."

Then, as she thought of the duke, Adelaide grew sick with dread.

Very different were George's feelings to hers as he strode back through the park to the Manor Farm.

His brain was in a whirl; his nerves tingled and thrilled; his heart was full of mingled emotions.

Adelaide was with him once more, which was joy unspeakable to him; but he would have to part with her again, and to look forward to that parting was agony inexpressible.

It was not of the future, however, but of the present he thought, as he sank to sleep—a sleep filled with dreams of Adelaide, and which continued calm and undisturbed till the sun shone in at the window, and Jim Morton's voice in the garden below roused him to a sense of the lateness of the hour.

"You be's looking cheery this morning, George," said old Gilbert, as his son came on to meet him. "Thy night's rest have done thee good."

"Ay, father," replied George, with a laugh.

"And the earl and all the Castle folk have come back," said Gilbert, "leastways, so Patience says."

"Patience. Has she been here?" asked George, carelessly.

"Yes, and Matthew; he wants you to go up to look at the bay mare. She's sick, so Patience says. A good lass that, George! I thought once ye'd have wedded her; now Jim Morton's cut you out."

"All right, father," laughed George. "I wish him joy. Patience is a dear, good lass, as you say. I'll go up to the farm in an hour or so."

Patience was standing near the chicken-house, feeding the fowls, as George came up to the farm; and not far from her, leaning over the palings, stood Jim Morton, one of the earl's under-keepers, dressed in a dandy suit of black velveteen and carrying a brand new gun on his shoulder.

He was talking eagerly to Patience, with his eyes fixed on her fair face; but the girl looked sad and preoccupied, and seemed to pay but little attention to his words.

As she raised her eyes and saw George coming, a change came over her face. The blue eyes sparkled, a faint blush rose to the pale cheeks, and the pretty arched lips parted with a welcome smile.

Jim Morton noticed the change, and turned round to see who had caused it; and when he saw George Yorke, a scowl settled on his brow.

"Oh, oh! that's the way the land lies, is it?" said he, in a disagreeable tone, turning away with a half laugh.

Patience looked at him indignantly.

"I don't know what you mean, Mr. Morton! Good morning, George; father will be glad to see you. The horse is ill."

"Good morning, Patience. Good morning, Jim," said George, with a beaming smile. "Where shall I find your father, Patience?"

"In the stable, I think," she answered.

"And how's the game this year, Jim?" asked George.

"Plenty of it, if them poachers don't clear it off," replied the man, sullkily, shouldering his gun, whilst Patience, having finished her work in the poultry yard and put away her basket, stood for a moment watching her young broods.

"There's a lot of quality coming down next week," went on Jim. "A duke among 'em, I hear."

George started. He had meant to question Adelaide about this duke the evening before; but, in the joy of his meeting her again, had forgotten to. His face colored.

"Won't you go with me to the stables, Patience?" he said. "I mustn't be away long from home."

And with a careless good morning to Jim Morton, Patience walked away with George Yorke, leaving Jim Morton alone.

A sullen look came over the man's face.

"Curse him!" he muttered; he thinks himself a deal better than the rest of us. Patience is like all girls—shilly-shally, shilly-shally—first one fellow, then another. Last winter she didn't seem to care for Master Yorke then, and now no one can make her smile but he. She liked me well enough four months ago, now it's all George Yorke. I hate him, with his fine gentleman ways!"

And Jim walked off full of anger and hatred.

George Yorke had, all unwittingly, made himself an enemy that morning. Jim's jealousy was, aroused and it would take a deal to set it at rest again. He had fancied that Patience favored him, but of late he had began to be undeceived; and seeing that she was friendly with George Yorke, he laid the change in her manner—or what he considered to be such—at his door.

It was strange to Patience how George's sunny humor had suddenly vanished, and she feared she must have in some way offended him. Though he had asked her to go to the stables with him, he scarcely spoke to her as she walked by his side and hardly seemed to hear what she said to him. She felt hurt and offended.

"Here is father," she said, as they reached the stable, "Good-day, Mr. Yorke!"

"Good-day, Patience!" he replied, without even noticing the formality of her adieu.

And she left him, wondering at his sudden bad temper.

A sudden clattering of horse's hoofs made her look up, as, half an hour later, with a sad look on her sweet face, she stood at the garden gate.

It was Lady Adelaide riding by on her favorite steed.

George, standing with Farmer Hollingford by the house, lifted his hat to her as she passed. How like old times to see her riding by on Firefly. He wished he had been on horseback to have followed her.

Patience saw the look of admiration on his face, and turned impatiently from the gate.

"He always thought so much of Lady Adelaide, and she was always glad of his company. No wonder he doesn't care for a poor country girl like me," she thought, bitterly. "But what is the use of his thinking of her? She would never care for him, and I—oh, I hate him! I've tried to put him out of my mind, but it's been of no use, and—and I think I'd rather love George Yorke, though he doesn't care for me, than any other man, even if he loved me with all his heart. If I can't marry George, I'll never wed; and mother will be glad to have me at home, maybe, when the other children are all gone."

She wiped away a tear or two, and went into the kitchen to help Mrs. Hollingford with her work; and a few minutes later George walked away in the direction Lady Adelaide had taken.

"Who's been here, Patience?" asked the farmer's wife. "Have they put you out, child? You look as if you'd been crying. That Jim Morton's a roughish fellow, but he means well."

"I don't like him, mother," answered Patience, decidedly; "he's bad-tempered as well as rough. You should have seen him scowl when George came."

"What! George Yorke? Ah, ha! lass, he's jealous of George, maybe," laughed Mrs. Hollingford, who had by no means given up the idea of seeing Patience George's wife.

"He needn't be," replied the girl. "I mean," she added, sadly, "George cares no more for me than he did a year ago, mother."

And, with a weary sigh, Patience set about the usual morning's work, and Mrs. Hollingford for once more held her tongue, and said no more about George to her.

(To be Continued.)

THE MARKET BULLETIN.

Barley keeps about the same,
No change we know in price of wheat,
The price of Furniture is down
AS WALKER'S, on QUEEN STREET.

Hogs show a slight improvement,
While hay is rather quiet;
The low price of clothes at WALKER'S
Is causing quite a riot.

Butter is still upon the rise,
Eggs are scarce and small,
And WALKER on his Household Goods
Still makes the prices fall.

The trade in STOVES is on the boom,
CARPETS, BLANKETS, RUGS, the same;
At the Pioneer Payment Store,
WALKER is the name.

And so the market fluctuates—
Prices sometimes up, then down;
But WALKER keeps the same all through—
The cheapest man in town.

No matter how the markets go up, WALKER, the Universal Benefactor, keeps his prices away down, and can sell you anything you require—from a drawing-room Suite to a Door Mat.

CARPETS, OIL-CLOTH, LAMPS, CROCKERY-WARE, STOVES, NOBBY SUITS, THICK OVERCOATS, JACKETS, MANTLES—all at spot cash prices, and will only ask you for a small payment down, the balance by WEEKLY OR MONTHLY INSTALMENTS, to suit yourselves.

WALKER'S

WEEKLY PAYMENT STORES

107½ and 109 Queen St. West.

ILLUSTRATED CIRCULARS FREE.

Re-opening Monday, Jan. 2, 1888.

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And Shorthand Institute,

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DENTIST

Rooms A and B Yonge Street Arcade

All modern improvements in filling and inserting teeth.

Roots of teeth preserved and crowned with artificial ones. This operation does away with plates in the mouth.

We are making teeth on Rubber, Celluloid, Gold and Platinum bases. Durable, life-like, and at the lowest remunerative prices.

We fill teeth with all materials used for the purpose, and guarantee them permanent.

Any operation known to modern dentistry skilfully performed.

TORONTO

Steam Laundry

54 WELLINGTON STREET WEST

Will shortly remove to their new premises, erected specially for the Laundry business, York Street, a few doors north of King Street.

G. P. SHARPE.

J. & J. WOOLINGS,

Family Butchers and Purveyors,

COR. McCAUL and CAER HOWELL STS.

Orders called for and delivered daily to all parts of the city.

GRAND PACIFIC HOTEL,

CORNER KING AND JOHN STREETS,

Is Now Open. Toronto's Great Family Resort. Strictly First-class.

Special arrangements to families for the winter months. Table unsurpassed. Special terms to Commercial Travelers.

C. L. VAN WORMER, Proprietor.

Dissolution Sale.

MANTLES AT TEN PER CENT. DISCOUNT

OUR MANTLE DEPARTMENT

Has suffered; beginning to thin out; goods don't seem to stay at our prices. We hardly wonder at it. We have still left

JACKETS

Of Black Lamb, well finished, easy fitting and warm at $3.10, less 10 per cent.—$2.70 net. Double Kersey Cloth Jackets trimmed with beaver, collar and cuffs of beaver, raised seams, thick useful jackets, $13.50—that is, $15 less our ten per cent. discount.

PALETOTS

In Ottoman Cloth for $3.60—$4.00 less our discount. Cloth Dolmanettes, lamb trimmed, $4.90 less the ten per cent. Black Lamb Dolmanettes, astrachan trimmed, full size, $6.75 less discount. Frise Brocade Dolmanettes, black and in colors, $15 up, less discount. Silk Brocaded Matalasse Dolmanette, warmly quilted, satin lined, fur trimmed, $15 up, less the ten per cent. Plush Dolmanettes, with feather, fur and chenille trimming, from $30 up, discount off.

R. WALKER & SONS,

33, 35, 37 KING STREET AND 18 COLBORNE STREET.

XMAS FUR SALE

Store Open Until Nine o'Clock Every Night.

$50,000

IN CASH REQUIRED BY THE NEW YEAR.

The Finest Fur Stock on the Continent,

SPECIALLY MANUFACTURED FOR THE CHRISTMAS TRADE,

Will be disposed of at very close prices, in order to realize the above amount. We manufacture the Finest Furs selected from the leading European and American Markets. Specialists only employed as Fur Cutters and Finishers, thereby giving the citizens of Toronto and vicinity a Grand Opportunity to secure Choice and Reliable Furs, suitable for Holiday Presents.

Inferior Goods, which you see quoted at extremely low figures, are a fraud to the purchaser and never appreciated as a gift. Ladies' Sealskin Mantles. Ulsters, Dolmans, English Walking Jackets, Walking Hats, Caps and Gauntlets. Gentlemen's Fur Coats of Every Description, Sea Otter Caps, Adjustable Collars and Cuffs, Gauntlets, etc. Buffalo and Fancy Sleigh Robes.

J. & J. LUGSDIN, 101 Yonge St. Toronto.

N.B.---Highest Cash Price Paid for All Kinds of Raw Furs.

Katie's Toboggan Ride.

LITTLE Katie Jones came out of the cold and cheerless house into the colder air outside. She was crying bitterly, and the tears that streamed down her face made furrows in the layers of dirt upon it. She was a very unhappy little girl. Her mother was very poor, and Katie's life had been spent, as far back as she could remember, in trying to keep warm in winter and in a constant endeavor to get enough to eat all the year round. Mother and daughter lived in a miserable tumble-down house, that had a miserable tumble-down stove in it, a rickety table, the remnants of a chair and a queer collection of rags and straw that did duty for a bed. Sometimes a stove had a fire in it, but generally it had not, and all the fire and heat it ever could contain could not warm that poverty-stricken abode, with its broken windows, and roof and sides full of gaping holes, through which the winter wind whistled shrilly, and the snowflakes fell in heaps. They were so poor, these two. The old mother was wan, and thin, and sickly, and there were days when she could not leave that mass of rags in the warmest corner of the house, and then Katie lived, as best she could, on the crusts of bread and other remnants of the poor food that her mother had been able to gather. And this Christmas Eve Katie came out into the streets and cried because she was tired, and oh, so cold and so very, very hungry.

They lived away up in North Toronto. The neighbors knew them and sometimes helped them, but to-night they were all away, and were too busy providing for their own comforts to think of these impoverished creatures. Katie was a pretty child, or rather, she might have been if she had not been so dirty and so thin and so raggedly dressed. Her cheeks were hollow and her eyes were sunken far in her head, while her golden hair hung in a tangled mass about her. She had a little woolen hood on and a tattered dress, and her bare feet were thrust into a hard pair of boots that time had battered remorselessly. Her hands were blue with cold, and altogether she was a most pathetic picture of misery. "I wonder," she was thinking to herself, "what Santa Claus is like, and why he never gives me things like he does other people. He must be an awful hard-hearted man, and yet they say he's so kind. I don't believe he is one bit. Oh, dear! I'm so hungry and it's so cold out here. Will it be warm up there where the angels are, I wonder? And will there always be enough to eat?" She wandered on, heedless of the direction of her steps. The snow was falling and it was bitterly, cold, and she shivered and tucked her

numb fingers up the sleeves of her dress. She came to a grocery store and flattened her nose against the frosty window panes, as she looked at the good things inside. If she only had some of them—any of them, it mattered not what—for herself and the feeble old mother who was lying back there in the dreary barren room. She went on again, and presently before her eyes there was life and gaiety and brightness—the flashing of lamps, the sounds of merry voices, shouts of glee and bursts of merry laughter. She looked at it all, watching load after load of people dashing down the Bloor street slide on their toboggans. How bright and happy everybody looked. The cold didn't seem to bother them at all. But then they wore warm wraps, and fur caps and gloves, and she guessed the most of them had stockings on. Gradually she drew closer to the slide and watched the joyous throng. She forgot her cold and her hunger in looking at them. The lights seemed to dazzle her eyes and the perpetual laughter and noise and bustle confused her. Presently she saw a toboggan coming down that she had not noticed before. It seemed to her to be larger than the others, and there was something very attractive about it. It came rushing down and there was a jingling as of bells and a sound as of great merriment spreading from it, that was most contagious. Now that it came nearer she could see that there was only one rider on it, and he was a queer old man but so very jolly looking that her heart warmed to him. His face was round and chubby, there was a warm fur cap on top of his gray hair, and his jovial features were half hidden in a vast beard and whiskers. Over his shoulders was slung an indescriminate mass of toys of every description—dolls and soldiers, Noah's arks and sleighs, trumpets and toy pistols, express wagons, drums and all sorts of things; and behind him on the toboggan were great quantities of cakes, and buns, and candies, and nuts, and raisins, and big rosy apples, and figs, and, oh! such a collection of things that she could not begin to enumerate them. The old man was smiling and chuckling to himself as if he was the happiest old man in all the world, and presently, when he caught sight of Katie, looking so quaint and pitiful, a look of great benevolence swept over the kind old face and lent it added glory. The child looked up at him and he smiled and motioned her to come quite near, and when the toboggan swept by, he reached out one strong arm and caught her shivering form to his rugged old breast. There was something so kind and fatherly in the old man's face, that she loved him at once, and put her thin little arms about his neck and looked up at him with her blue eyes full of the glad surprise and trusting love of childhood. And how fast the toboggan went. So rapidly it flew down that Katie's hair was swept out straight, and floated like a halo around the wan little face. "My!" said Katie, "where are we going?" for the ground had opened up beneath them and they were gliding down, down, down, at the same rapid pace.

"What is your name, my child?" the old man asked, and his voice was pleasant and cheery.

"Katie Jones," the little girl said. "And what is yours?"

"Mine?" he asked, in a tone of surprise. "Don't you know mine? Why, I'm Santa Claus. Surely you've heard of me."

"Oh, yes," said the child, simply. "I've heard of you often, but you never come to see me like you do other little girls."

"Strange," said the old man, "strange. I wonder how I missed you." Then he seemed to be thinking very deeply about something, and Katie did not interrupt him, for there was a look on his face that made her think it wisest to leave him in silence.

All this time they were dashing down into the bowels of the earth. They were going through what seemed an interminable tunnel, and they were all alone. And the peculiar thing was that the earth seemed to open up before them, and, though they were gliding into solid ground, it grew lighter and lighter as they advanced. Presently the sound of low, sweet music came to Katie's ears; and she opened her eyes wide and listened to the sad strains that floated all around them and came from nowhere in particular that she could see. It seemed to the child as if this melody flowed from a music box, the notes were so clear and pure and liquid, and, surely, she thought, it came from a broken heart. It was so strangely sweet and mournful that it thrilled her soul, and somehow she felt that there were worse things in the world than the cold and hunger she had suffered from a while ago, but which now were gone. Instinctively she realized, though she did not know anything about it, that there were weary, aching hearts in the world, which could never be eased of their pain and suffering. Cold and hunger were evils which could be remedied, but the sorrow that found vent in every note of this wonderful music was something far more than this, and every sympathetic feeling in her young breast was called out by it. She looked up into the old man's face and saw that it was wet with tears.

"What is it, Mr. Santa Claus?" she asked.

"Only the woe of a broken heart, my dear," he answered, "only a broken heart," and he seemed to dream again, and the tears fell more freely.

But on they went, and the way grew brighter. There was a strange sparkling and flashing on every side, the scent of delicious perfumes filled the air and the same liquid music sounded still, but it had grown bright and joyous now, and Katie's heart all at once began to bound gaily and gladly, and she felt as if all sorrow and trouble were far away. Presently the toboggan stopped and Katie looked around her. They were in an immense grotto or garden, she could not tell which. Anyhow, there was luxurious vegetation on every side. The songs of countless birds were in the air, mingling with the musical babble of rippling brooks. Bright lights flashed amid the trees, birds with gorgeous plumage flew here and there, beautiful flowers grew along the paths that stretched far away into the woodland, and squirrels chattered gaily as they ran up and down the trees and over moss-covered logs. And all around the walls were piles on piles of gold and silver and precious stones and toys and good things and precious to such profusion that Katie's mind reeled when she tried to think of them all. She had heard of a place called Paradise. She wondered if this was it; and what a nice old man Santa Claus was to bring her to all this golden beauty. She looked around to thank him, but he was gone, and she was all alone in this gorgeous place.

Whichever way she walked it was all the same. The grandeur and beauty were everywhere. The perfume in the air, and the liquid, melting strains of that harmonious music filled her soul and her heart and made her content. Yes, she was very happy. That past life of hers, when all was misery and suffering, seemed to be a dream. She was happy now, so happy, and she began to wonder why it was people could not be happy like this always. "Oh! there is a reason for that, my child," said a voice at her elbow. Katie turned and saw beside her a tall, beautiful woman, with a pale spiritueile face, lustrous blue eyes, and hair that looked like spun gold. She was dressed in purest white, and on top of her head was a crown of gold, in which huge diamonds were set. Katie thought she had never seen anything quite so handsome as this fair woman, with her sad eyes, and kind, beautiful face. "Yes, my dear there is a reason for that. Our own deeds and actions make us happy or miserable. Our goodness brings us peaceful and contented hearts; our badness, misery. Everything has its own reward. As we sow, so we must reap. Life is full of compensation. Evil is always punished and goodness rewarded. That is justice, and life is just." Katie vaguely understood what was being said to her. Some of the big words she could not master, but she comprehended what was meant. And the beautiful woman sat down on the moss-covered trunk of a tree near by and drew the child to her, picked her up in her arms and laid her on her lap. And Katie put her head on the motherly breast, and closed her eyes to think of all the beauty that was around her, and thinking and luxuriating in it, she fell fast asleep.

* * *

They picked her up where she had fallen at the foot of the slide and bore her tenderly home. Now that the child was dead there were willing hearts and hands ready to do all they could for her. But what mattered it now? They had neglected her in life and she died of cold and starvation—as others die. God help them, day after day. Now that the enfeebled limbs had set in the rigidity of death, now that the sad, wan face had grown calm and still forever, and the heart was silent in the peaceful breast, they saw that she was carried home by gentle hands and laid quietly away, and the heat of summer and the cold of winter might come and go, but she would feel them no more. Too late, this care and kindness; too late, this this outstretching of tender gentle hands.

A Special Partner.

Householder—Want to clean the snow off, hey! Where's your broom and shovel?
Contractor—Goin' to borrer your'n! (And he gets them and the job, too.)

Art and Artists.

The joint exhibition of the Royal Canadian Academy and the Ontario Society of Artists here next spring promises to be an affair of unusual importance and I am in strong hopes that it will have the effect of booming art affairs in Toronto. They need a boom. In fact, I think two or three wouldn't hurt them any. The exhibition will be held in the Granite Rink in April or May. It is four years since the academy exhibition has circled to us. I fancy that in future we will see it oftener as I am told by a friend of mine who professes to be well posted, that no more academic exhibitions will be held in Halifax, the people by the sea being as indifferent as the average Torontonian in the matter of encouraging art. The exhibition next spring will be of unusual magnificence, I am told, and while the scheme I spoke of last Saturday—that of making the exhibition a week in Old London—is being mooted, nothing has been definitely settled as yet.

*

Of course you all know that these two societies will put up a joint building as soon as finances will permit, at the corner of Wilton avenue and Victoria street, where joint exhibitions will be held every few years, and which, for the rest of the time, will be utilized by the Ontario Society of Artists, both for their yearly exhibitions and for the free display they make at all times. It is probable that when the building is erected, an art school will be established in connection with it. The principal subscribers to the building, so far, have been Mrs. Alex. Campbell and Mr. E. B. Osler. Mrs. Campbell subscribed $5,000, and Mr. Osler, $1,000.

*

I expect we shall have our fill of Rocky Mountain sketches next spring. Both Mr. M. Matthews and Mr. L. R. O'Brien have their studios filled with bits of Rocky Mountain scenery which they are not overly anxious for everybody to see. Indeed, all the artists I know, seem to be hard at work, though they are keeping dark till spring.

*

Mr. J. C. Forbes is putting the finishing touches on a handsome portrait of a lovely girl child—a daughter of Judge Dartnell, of Oshawa. The treatment is exquisite and the artist has caught a good likeness.

*

Mr. W. Parker Newton has just completed a large canvas of the yacht Oriole for Mr. Thompson, of Adelaide street. The scene shows the bay from the Island, the Exhibition building showing faintly in the distance. The day is bright and cloudless, and there is but wind enough to fill the yacht's sails and make her bend slightly in the blue waste about her. Mr. Newton's forte is evidently landscape, and in this picture he gives great promise of realistic work.

*

The reception of the Associated Artists last week was a pleasant and successful affair, I am told, and I regret that I was prevented from attending it.

JIMMIE REMBRANDT.

Amusing.

Editor (chuckling):—Funny, isn't it?
Contributor:—Y-a-as. I thought you'd like it.
E.: Like it? What makes you think I like it?
C. (perplexed):—Why—why—you laughed, my dear sir.
E.: Um—did I? Yes. Well, it *is* funny you should think that thing a joke.

ICHI BAN
DIRECT IMPORTERS
OF
JAPANESE GOODS
Are just in receipt of their
Christmas Novelties.
IT WILL PAY YOU TO
VISIT OUR STORE
BEFORE MAKING YOUR
HOLIDAY PURCHASES.
ICHI BAN
81 Yonge Street.

HARRY WEBB'S
WEEKLY
From 447 YONGE STREET, TORONTO
The Largest and Best-fitted Establishment of its kind in Canada.
"There's nothing so successful as success."
To be successful every business man must be on the alert. The tightness of the money market, the close competition in all business enterprises, urges each one to get to the top, and stay there. How is this to be accomplished? Why, by keeping the best goods, employing the best skilled labor and by being content with a moderate profit, thus doing a good business and turning the money over rapidly.
We import our goods from the best American and European markets for manufacturing purposes, *cheap for cash*. We also have a weakness for telling the ladies where to go for information as to selections of the choicest kinds of refreshments for the breakfast, dinner and supper table. Whilst we intend at all times to aid the ladies (by our experience) in entertaining, we do not intend to give away the hen that lays the golden egg.
We have in our establishment everything necessary for the table, including china, glass, silver and cutlery and center pieces, equal to any in use in the best private houses. This is the only place where you can rent cheap or expensive table furniture; where you can find all the novelties of New York, Paris or London, and stock complete in all the various departments of the business. We have first-class waiters on the premises for dinners, At Homes or evening parties.
The Latest in Individual Ices:
Mutton Chops, Lighted Candles and Neapolitan Brick Oblongs on Paper Laces.
Frozen Punches in Oranges, in Spun Sugar.
Orange Ice Pudding in Orange Cases.
New Entrees and Escaloped Oysters, in New Silver Entree Individual Dishes.
Individual Salads of all kinds.
We sell New Mince Meat, Superior Quality, in Glass Jars; Our Own Manufacture.
Plum Pudding, A1, ready for the pot.
Entrees to Order, ready for the range.
Fresh French Fruit Glaces, just arrived, 75c. per pound.
SEND FOR ESTIMATES TO
HARRY WEBB
447 Yonge Street, Toronto.
Winter Novelties Next Week.

S. J. DIXON,
PHOTOGRAPHER,
Cor. Yonge and King Streets.
FINE WORK A SPECIALTY.

WHEATON & CO.
17 King St. West, cor. Jordan.
SCARF SALE.
50 CENT SCARFS FOR 25 CENTS.
We show the Largest and Finest Assortment of New Scarfs ever handled by one house in the city.
MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS IN ALL LINES
LOW PRICES.
WHEATON & CO.
17 King Street West, corner Jordan.

NEW YEAR'S GIFTS.
Nothing is Prized Better by Your Friends than a GOOD PHOTOGRAPH.
J. B. COOK, Photographer
191 and 193 Yonge Street. The Same Old Stand.
All Work first-class and satisfaction guaranteed. Cabinets from $2 per dozen up.
SEE OUR SPECIMENS OF WORK.

The Queen of the Work Room.

The reasonable ambitions of those who toil by loom and lathe are necessarily more limited than are those of even the medicore rich who can buy some sort of an educational disguise for their ignorance. There are but few paths running through the future of those women who must either toil for bread or share the damnation of vice. With them it is not a question of conquest, but of existence. The sweet face that watches the work and the trim, graceful figure that walks up and down behind the counter, or before the loom will either toil life away hopelessly, unloved and unsought, or else grace an honest home or share a bad man's sin. In the poor how dangerous a dowry is beauty! and how glorious is virtue which, even through hunger, ambition and love remains unsullied and spotless.

There are many who believe that virtue is rare, and of this many the majority are those who, looking at the toil and temptation which make up the life of the working woman, and knowing that there is a temporary luxury to be procured by vice; that there are tempters ever on the alert ready to give gorgeous dresses and dainty suppers to thoughtless folly, presume that woman's nature is too weak to resist. If they only thought these things it would not be so bad; but they say them, and others as careless and thoughtless as themselves believe and repeat the tale. Nowhere is there so little vice as amidst the toilers. Those who labor from seven to six find but little time or inclination to coquette with sin. The idle are the dissolute, and it is laziness that degenerates into vice.

The belle of the work room! Her supremacy is as complete and her sway as thoroughly acknowledged as is that of the belle of the drawing room. It is not always her beauty; it is seldom her smartness. The gentle temper, the sweet face and the graceful figure have a beauty of their own. The kind word for her sister, the gentle help she quietly gives to a weaker or clumsier companion, her conscientious regard for the duty she owes her employers, the modesty of her bright eyes and pleasant voice, are the charms which crown her as belle of the work room.

The sharp-tongued, quick-tempered and thoughtless may afford amusement to her companions and sometimes win honors by fighting for rights, but amidst poverty more than amidst riches is goodness most often crowned. Thus the belle of the work room has really a happier lot and better prospects of a contented future than the belle of the ball room. In this new country there are many ladies doing the honors of elegant mansions who were once belles in humbler spheres, but as the country grows older and the lines of caste become more firmly set, the belle of the work room who sighs to be a lady, in the society sense of the word, makes a mistake. She will be better and happier if she looks forward to a future of home and contentment, with the blessings which Providence always bestows on the woman who, according to the long-accepted proverb, is "a crown of glory to her husband."

Society.

Received too late for classification.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Langmuir gave a dinner party Thursday evening at their residence in Parkdale, and cards are out for another on January 6th.

On Monday evening last a small dinner party was given by Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Yarker.

It is reported that Mr. J. H. Sinclair of New York is largely interested in a gold mine in Mexico, from which a large dividend was withdrawn by the several shareholders early this month. The wealth of the mine is, if the report of the United States assayers be true, something enormous, and the many friends of Mr. Sinclair in Toronto and Canada generally will read with satisfaction the news of his sudden and unexpected good fortune. Mr. Sinclair, who has been spending a few days in Toronto, left for New York on Thursday to look after matters generally in connection with his legal practice there, and it is possible that he may, after spending Christmas Day with his father, Judge Sinclair of Hamilton, leave for Mexico. It is understood that it is Mr. Sinclair's intention to spend a few months on the Continent next year, in order to advance the interests of the mining company in which he is now interested in England, France and Germany.

On Friday evening of last week Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Morphy, 13 Wellesley Street, entertained about fifty of their friends at a pleasing parlor concert, which consisted of vocal and instrumental music, readings, recitations and tableaux, all of which were highly enjoyed. Those taking prominent parts were Master E. Morphy, H. Martin, the Misses Edwards, Brown, Wood, Hare, and Campbell and little Winfred Martin, who shows great aptitude for music. The tableaux were beautifully conceived and much credit is due Miss Jennings, under whose supervision the children were trained. Mrs. David Martin sang Bonnie Sweet Bessie, the Maid of Dundee, by request, and Miss Atcheson also gave a select song. Among those present were Major B. Hamilton and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Campbell, Dr. Young, Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, Mr. and Mrs. H. Morphy, Mr. and Mrs. David Martin, the Misses Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Wood, Mr. and Mrs. Edwards, Mrs. and Miss Jennings, Miss Towner, Miss Scroggie.

Notes From New York.

The weather continues delightfully mild, and, as a consequence the streets are crowded daily with shoppers from the city and vicinity. It is next to impossible for one to get in and out of the larger stores without a considerable loss of breath, patience and buttons. The larger of the popular stores have nearly doubled the number of their employes, and still find it impossible to meet the demands of the shopping public. Although the rush appears to be unprecedented, the manager of one of these stores informed me last night that the receipts were very disappointing. This is accounted for in two ways—the people have not the money to spend and the majority are buying cheaper articles, with which the market is flooded.

*

A walk through one of these stores when the crowd is at its thickest soon satisfies one that a saleslady's life is not a happy one, and I do not wonder that she is not at times all smiles and affability. And will some one tell me why it is that invariably the ladies who are served the promptest are those who sport long sealskin coats and large diamond ear-rings? Large diamonds they must be, for anything under 2½ karats makes the ordinary saleslady turn up her pretty little nose in disgust. Nine out of ten New York women (be she washer-woman or millionaire's wife) wear diamond—or imitation diamond—ear-rings.

*

Doubtless most of your readers have noticed the sensation caused by the airing in the police courts of the feminine Napoleon of finance, Mme. Marianne La Touche. This lady carried on her business in a splendidly appointed office on West 23rd street, into which a page in tasteful livery ushered her clients, the majority of whom arrived in carriages, thereby showing that they belonged to the upper classes, if not the highest, of New York society. Under her wizard-like manipulation modest sums, such as $300 or $500, were to increase tenfold. Certain stocks, she assured them, were safe purchases, and if the would only go short on R. T. they could easily make the price of that diamond bracelet in Tiffany's upon which they had set their dear little hearts, and still have enough left to pay that distressing bill of Lord & Taylor's. Certain transactions she carried out with more or less profit to the lamb, but the majority of them were informed that the market had broke three points and they had been squeezed. This was a kind of squeezing they were not used to and they did not like it. Of course Marianne was safe. They dare not expose her on account of the scandal it would attach to their names, but finally one of his victims got real mad and had her arrested.

*

This incident has set people thinking and wondering if many of the New York ladies gamble in stocks. I am sorry to say they do. One well-known broker not a mile from Old Trinity church, has a large clientage among the ladies, and makes a splendid income from this source alone. He is handsome, gallant, of good family and discreet. As a rule, the ladies are hard losers, and many tears are the result from a call for more margin, or the announcement that they have been closed out. They are very persistent, and are positive that the market will go up yet (for they are invariably on the bull side) and make their fortunes. I notice that a leading hotel has placed a stock-ticker in a suite of rooms set apart for ladies.

*

The congregation of Plymouth church is going to have a long hunt for an acceptable successor to Mr. Beecher. They must have his equal or none. It seems fairly certain that they will meet with disappointment, for Beecher had no peer. They may find one with more eloquence, but the fervor and personality which in Beecher awoke their great love and admiration (near to idolatry) will be wanting.

*

Mrs. Langtry can be seen any night now as Lena Despard, in As in a Looking Glass, at the Grand Opera House, on Eight Avenue, where a reserved seat cost but fifty cents. This is regarded by many as a decided come-down for the Lily, after opening the season at the Fifth Avenue. The engagement may prove a success, as viewed from the box office, as the masses will undoubtedly flock to see the beauty at cheap prices, and the seating capacity of the house is large. Mrs. Langtry, however, is not the first star who has opened this season at a high-class theater, and closed a New York engagement at the Grand. Joe Jefferson, ever a favorite with Gotham audiences, opened at the Star, playing Bob Acres, in The Rivals, and, making way for Irvings's Faust, concluded at the Grand Opera House in his ever enjoyable Rip Van Winkle.

*

It is a pity that New York has not more theaters with a scale of prices as low as those prevailing at the Grand Opera House. The ordinary price in the leading theaters is $1.50 for any good seat, while the pick of the seats at the Madison Square is $2. This is undoubtedly too much and regular theater-goers are beginning to complain. Still, while the houses are crowded nightly, the managers will certainly not think of lowering their prices. Irving found no difficulty in filling the Star Theater nightly at $3 for the best seats and $1 for admission.

*

Speaking of Irving, SATURDAY NIGHT's readers will doubtless have noticed that a leading New York divine has characterized his performance as grossly immoral, but it has transpired that the critic had not even witnessed the play. He, seemingly, does not recognize the stage as a moral teacher, or the possible benefit of object lessons.

*

The Arabian Nights, now running at the Academy of Music, came east after making a great hit in Chicago. By extensive advertising thousands have been attracted to see it, and have come away wondering at how little it takes to amuse a Chicago audience. The author has taken advantage of every excuse to throw in a song and dance, and the most miserable verses are sung to airs from Erminie and other popular operas. There is not an original air, situation or joke in the whole production, and the sooner it goes back to Chicago the better.

*

I have heard it said, but won't vouch for the truth of the assertion, that purchasers of chickens and turkeys at Washington Market find great difficulty in picking out tender birds for their Christmas dinner, owing to Anhony Comstock's refusal to permit the exhibition of the birds without all their feathers on.

THE NABOB.

THE QUEEN OF THE WORK ROOM.

He Met His Doom.

Tears, tears that glistened like rose diamonds welled into her azure eyes and coursed down her cheeks like a shimmering brooklet meandering through a pink primrose-carpeted meadow. She wept, and the convulsive sobs floated quaveringly through the dim, marble corridors of the Oak street villa. Before her, on his knees, with bowed head and clasped hands, was Algernon. "You do not—you cannot mean it!" he moaned in a low, sepulchral tone. He raised his piteous face, wrenched with agony, to hers, but the exquisitely chiseled features, round which the golden curls played like sunshine about a mountain top, were cold and immobile. "You never can be mine," she said, while a spasm of anguish shook her lissome form. "It cannot be." "Why, oh, tell me, tell me why! Can nothing be done?" said the pale young man. "Nothing; listen to your doom." The youth rose to his feet, every nerve strained to its utmost tension in anticipation of the cruel blow. "Algernon, I cannot marry you; your overcoat has no cape." A strange purplish hue came over the young man's countenance. A shiver passed over his frame. He clasped his hands to his head, he reeled, threw out his hand for support, clutched the empty air, and fell with a crash prone upon the floor. Algernon McFiggins was dead!

Her Back Hair.

I do not believe a woman ever really loses her presence of mind. I base this upon a little accident I saw a few days ago. The car started suddenly just as a lady was getting on, and she was thrown off. She landed on her feet all right and was not hurt. But as she took that jolt the first thing she did was to clutch her back hair. It seems to be the only thing a woman is afraid of. She cannot take a sudden turn, she cannot jump on a car, she cannot do anything of a moving nature, without immediately clutching her back hair. I used to think that actresses when they died on the stage were very stagy, because they seemed to be very careful of their back hair. The numerous applications of the hand to the back of the head I took to be affectation; but after all I should not wonder if those movements were the only natural ones most of them are capable of on the stage.—*Ex.*

Shaking up the dry bones—the end man.

Fashion Gossip.

The universal cry just now is that Fashion this winter has brought us nothing new! But then what is new is old, and what is old is new, as far as the fickle dame is concerned. And it is whispered that the *modistes* and *couturieres* on the other side of the Atlantic are waiting to see which way the political pussy-cat jumps, and whether it will be wiser to return to the fashions of the last Monarchy or those of the revolutionary period. What is perfectly certain is that Irish poplins are coming in, both plain and figured, and often both have combined. They are especially applied to children's dresses, little pelisses, and baby's cloaks. The latter are often embroidered by hand, with small sprays, such as rosebuds, forget-me-nots, etc. Poplins are also being a good deal used for sensible, yet smart, bridesmaids' toilettes at winter weddings.

One of the loveliest of the new colors is a sort of dark electric green, the tint of a deep cold sea, or of the Grindelwald glacier seen from the inside, and it shows to the best advantage in plush or velvet. Some firms call this tint "moonstone," and it is rather a taking name.

Ribbons are once more to the fore, and loops, bows, and flots are employed to an unprecedented extent for evening dresses; but the success of the toilette depends entirely upon the neatness and taste with which they are laid on, for a be-ribboned dress carelessly put together is apt to make its wearer look like a May-day sweep. Loops and flots are to be eschewed by the home dressmaker, for it needs professional skill to adjust them becomingly. A pretty evening dress may be made of yellow ribbon sewn in lines, alternating with bands of straw embroidery on a coarse net foundation. At the back there should be a draping of white tulle, embroidered in straw, finished off with yellow sash, loops and ends. The mixture of straw and yellow is very effective. The bodice should be, like the skirt, of ribbon and embroidery, shaped to the waist, and on the left shoulder a small sheaf of wheat and cornflowers should be worn.

It is a great pity that flowers should go out altogether. For the trimming of a certain style of evening dress they are far more suitable than bows. Purple pansies set closely together make an admirable finish to a gray or maize bodice; and if the old-fashioned, round-shaped low corsage comes in again (and they are trying to bring it out in Paris, it will need some very pretty finish to reconcile one at first to the unbecoming cut. The pinafore-shaped bodice is unquestionably far less flattering to the figure than the V or the low square. Nevertheless, the Parisian modistes are striving hard to bring it in for young girls. Canadian girls, however, are less amenable to the control of fashion, and generally refuse point-blank to wear what does not suit them.

There are, of course, only certain flowers that can be used as a border, either for corsages or trains, but leaves are very adaptable for this purpose, and, strange to say, they never become common. Virginia-creeper leaves make an ideal border either for a yellow, brown, or moss-green dress.

Now that white, pink, and pale yellow seem to be the accepted colors for ball dresses, girls who have not much to spend, and who "don't wish to look like everybody else," should go in for darker shades. Navy-blue tulle, trimmed with a watered silk sash of the palest Cambridge blue, is very effective. So is dark brown, trimmed with pale pink. Stone color and Eton blue is a too long neglected combination, and a remarkable pretty one. Indeed, there never was a time in which everybody ought to to look so well as just now, because everything is the fashion, more or less. You may please yourself as to color and make. You may wear flounces if you like (they are to come in again), hip paniers, short or long draperies—anything you like, for fashion is passing through a period of transition; but you must look your very best in this age of universal competition.

The evening cloaks this season are the prettiest that have been made for years. And here again each one may please herself, provided that color and cut are becoming to face and figure; but perhaps the handsomest that are being fashioned just now are the mantelets of two materials; the front of rich pompadour silk, and the back of plush. I may mention two that struck me as looking particularly well. One had a back of voilet velvet, and front of lavender gray silk, on which were raised pansies in mauve velvet. The other had a front of white silk, embroidered with bunches of crimson roses and a back of deep crimson plush.

Not That Kind of a Girl.

Little May disliked very much to be dressed, and delayed the nurse in every possible manner. Her uncle, a clergyman, wishing to break her of so disagreeable a habit said: "May, let us strive who will be dressed first, you or I." Every morning little May was the first to appear neatly dressed. Sunday morning came, but the clergyman was dressed first. "How was it that you were not dressed first this morning?" he said to May when she appeared. "Oh!" she replied, "this child don't strive Sundays; she's not that kind of a girl.

An Old Birthday Custom.

An old birthday custom prevails in the Presbyterian churches in Minneapolis. On each Sunday after a birthday the person who has completed another year goes solemnly up to the missionary box and in full sight of the congregation, drops in the number of cents equal to his or her age. Ladies unwilling to reveal the truth have hit upon the expedient of dropping in a dollar, knowing that the congregation will not believe them to have completed the century.

Somewhat of a Paradox.

Mrs. Dusenberry—I'll not patronize Carson again. I'm so put out. The last flour he sent me was miserable. He shan't take me in any more. What are you laughing at?

Mr. Dusenberry—It is a little funny, isn't it, my dear?

Mrs. Dusenberry—What is funny?

Mr. Dusenberry—That you should be put out when you are taken in.—*Ex.*

The Ugliest Fish.

One of the ugliest of the finny tribe is the toadfish, a slimy creature not even an enthusiast could venture to touch. The enormous mouth extends in a semi-circle from side to side, and is the most prominent feature of this soft, wedge-shaped body. The colours are ill-defined, and impress one with their dirtiness, adding to the disagreeable effect. Repulsive-looking as the toadfish is it is said to manifest more care for its young than is usual with fishes, redeeming its appearance by its moral character.

A friend of ours wishes to know what more precious offering can be laid upon the altar of a man's heart than the first love of a pure, earnest and affectionate girl, with an undivided interest in a few corner lots and two five-story houses on Fifth avenue.

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AT SINGLE FIRST-CLASS FARE and ONE-THIRD

On December 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th and 31st, and January 1st and 2nd, valid for return until Jan. 4th, 1888.

For further information apply to any of the Company's ticket offices.

J. HICKSON,
General Manager.

Montreal, 16th December, 1887.

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Comprises Cabinets for Bric-a-Brac, Music Cabinets, Ladies' Secretaries (Modern and Antique), Pedestals, Fancy Tables, Easels, Kimball's Celebrated Line of Rockers, Fancy Chairs in Plush and Embossed Leather, Twist-work Chairs in Solid Mahogany, Rattan and Reed Chairs and Rockers, Work Stands, etc., etc. Acknowledged to be the Finest Line Shown in the Dominion. Articles can be secured now and held over for delivery when required.

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Mr. H. E. S., thanking the citizens of Toronto for the very liberal support extended to him during the short time since he succeeded Messrs. Notman & Fraser, begs to inform them that he has now everything so perfectly arranged that he can produce portraits of life-like perfection and the most artistic finish, and has means and appliances for turning out a very superior class of work up to life size in Oil or Water Color, India Ink or Crayon, in and out of the establishment. Our work has gone to all parts of the United States, some to Europe, and we have received the most flattering assurances of satisfaction from our patrons.

He will continue to use his utmost endeavors to please, and assures his kind friends that no means will be spared to merit a continuance of their patronage and support. He would also impress on the public mind that he has Notman and Fraser's Negatives, and all orders for copies from them must be sent directly to 41 King Street East.

Different studios in this city are occasionally intrusted with orders from N. & F. negatives, but I would inform those desirous of having work filled from the same that they are always much inferior than when done from the original negatives, of which we are the sole proprietors, and shall be pleased to reduplicate prior orders or to make enlargements of the same.

H. E. SIMPSON

Music.

MUSIC OF THE FUTURE.

TUESDAY, Dec. 27.—Philharmonic Society's concert, Messiah, Horticultural Pavilion.
MONDAY, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, Jan. 2, 3, 4.—National Opera Co., Toronto Opera House.
WEDNESDAY, Jan. 4.—Church of the Ascension, Service of Praise.
WEDNESDAY, Jan. 11.—Church of the Redeemer, Service of Praise.
TUESDAY, Jan. 17.—Toronto Vocal Society's concert, Horticultural Pavilion.

The concert of Mr. Torrington's orchestra on the 15th occurred too late for extended notice in last week's paper, but was of such importance that a few remarks thereon will not be out of place now. The most striking inference to be drawn from the concert is that we have in our midst a sufficient number of instrumentalists, amateur and professional, to perform orchestral selections on a large scale and in infinite variety, in a manner alike creditable to themselves and to Mr. Torrington. Very few of us expected to see so many excellent performers or hear the music so well rendered.

•

The importance of this result can hardly be over-estimated. In fact, it is difficult for many people to grasp at once what this success may be made to lead to. In a few of the larger American cities there are orchestras which have a higher aim than the performance of dance music, but those that are in existence are composed of well-paid professionals. I know of no city where the amateur element has been enlisted. That Mr. Torrington should have surrounded himself with such a number of willing workers speaks volumes for his influence and energy and for the ability and geniality which enables him to hold them to their work.

•

The presence and progressing ability of so many amateurs makes possible the rendition of a class of music that we otherwise hear, perhaps, once in four or five years, as the comparatively low expense of maintaining such an orchestra places its existence within our means. It only needs the assistance, in a pecuniary sense, of those who pose as lovers of music to develop this orchestra into the most important and pleasing musical feature in our city. The performers are there, the competent and experienced conductor is there. The public should add the sinews of war by a liberal subscription in the first place, and by a liberal attendance at the concerts in the second place. Then the programmes could contain selections of classical music as well as popular ones, and a great musical educator would be established in the full strength of its influence in our midst.

•

Of the performance itself, it is only necessary to say that the playing was marked by good clear tone and a most pleasing liveliness of delivery. The players held well together and with the conductor. Of course, one could not expect the same volume and exact intonation that would be found in a professional band of the same size, but these things are not the product of a day: they will come in time. Mr. Torrington is in bad luck in one respect. He almost always feels bound to stop his force in public for some fault. On this occasion a flute and oboe duet was badly started, and he, no doubt, felt justified in stopping to secure the proper playing of the prettiest passage in the selection, but the effect on the public and on band is bad. Theodore Thomas is noticeable for the quietness with which he conducts his orchestra before the public, but it is in the rehearsal that he makes the air azure with hearty German imprecations and establishes his splendid discipline.

•

The singers were decidedly disappointing. Mr. Curren has a beautiful voice, but always gives me the impression that he can do better than his apparent best, and with a poor choice of song he came very near doing his worst on Thursday. Miss Fowler may have been nervous, but her objectionable tremolo came out in the full pride of its existence. The Misses Ryans' fine voices made their duet a pleasure, in spite of the evident labor they bestowed upon it. When will people learn the great fact that singing, when properly done, is easy and pleasand to both singer and hearer? If you can't sing a song or a part without distressing yourself, drop it at once and take something else, or go and learn how to sing with ease and comfort. Too much attention is made by so many teachers to the song-work, instead of the foundation of all—how to produce the tone.

•

The Philharmonic concert on Tuesday next will show another phase of usefulness for Mr. Torrington's orchestra, as it will provide the main body of the accompanying band for The Messiah.

•

I was pleased to learn that Mr. W. H. Adamson had been appointed to the choirmastership of St. John's church. He has been interested for years in church music, and has done good work at the Church of the Redeemer and at Carleton street Methodist church in past years. He is a careful, conscientious director.

•

Her friends will be pleased to hear that Mrs. Agnes Thomson will be a soloist at the approaching concert of the Vocal Society. This lady has been studying assiduously under Mr. Haslam, and it is expected that her performance will be creditable alike to him and her.

•

I see that the National Opera Company play here on January 2, 3 and 4. This will be welcome news to the many who were delighted by their performance in June last. The operas are: Faust, Lohengrin and the Queen of Sheba. When a company has a full and efficient corps of chorus, ballet and band, and a repertoire which includes such operas as Aida, Nero, Tannhauser and others that have not been played here, it seems a pity to burden us with a chestnut like Faust. Not only a pity, but it will be a loss to the company, as a novelty will certainly draw larger houses than Gounod's well-worn early works. We have had Faust complete and Faust in sections, a dozen times and our appetite is surely whetted for something better and newer. Now's you time, Mr. Shaw, to please your patrons and secure a change in this item.

•

Some of the teachers of the Conservatory of Music have generously given free scholarships in their respective departments to promising pupils. This is as it should be, and, if rightly carried out, cannot fail to redound to the credit of the conservatory. But I hear that at the test of pupils, while nearly all the instrumental teachers were present, Sig. D'Auria was the only vocal teacher consulted, neither Mrs. Bradley, Mrs. Hillary nor Mr. Haslam being invited to attend. This is not the best way to conciliate elements that are not at present working on the most harmonious basis.

•

Mr. V. P. Hunt's pupils gave a recital on Monday evening at the Normal School Theater, which was very well attended by their friends. Mr. Hunt is a painstaking and industrious teacher, and his piano pupils show most desirable progress.

•

I dropped in at the closing exercises of the Normal School Kindergarten class on Wednesday morning. The room was tastefully decorated with a Christmas tree for the little ones as the principal feature. A large audience was present to see the children go through their exercises and to hear them sing. The whole affair was very clever, and was well managed by Miss Hart, the preceptress, and her apt assistants, Miss Johnson, Miss Ross, Miss Samuels, Miss Rita Kelly and Miss Walton, who marshaled their little forces with winning kindness and with judgment.

•

I was struck with one point, which has been forced upon me in Toronto, in almost every case where I have heard children sing. It is the utter ignorance, shewn by those responsible of the fundamental rules which govern the use of the child's voice. Everybody has had his sense of the musical offended by hearing the unpleasant efforts of children to sing high notes. Under proper training this may be avoided as easily as we avoid rain by staying in-doors. As a matter of fact, in all schools we may hear the children straining at high notes with their lower register, instead of changing, without a word of remonstrance or advice from the teachers. The latter are not to blame; they are not taught any better. But surely, desirable, as it unquestionably is, that all children should be taught elementary music in the public schools, it can be no less desirable that they should be taught to sing properly and not to contract those vicious vocal habits, which make our untutored singing the most horrible in the world. The remedy lies with the government, in whose training schools the start must be made.

•

The Canadian Society of Musicians meets on Tuesday next at London, and, if all accounts are true, there will be some lively discussions there, in fact the "wigs will be on the green." I hope to have one or two interesting items from this source next week.

•

A grand concert will be given at St. Stephen's new school house on Jan. 13 in aid of the building fund of the church, by the Ladies' Aid and Benevolent Society. Miss Robinson will sing for the last time before going to New York for the winter, and among others who will take part will be: Miss Morgan, Mr. Fraser, Mr. W. Blake, Mrs. Albert Nordheimer, and the University Glee Club. Instrumental music will be furnished by Miss Merritt, Miss Broughall and Mr. Carl Martens.

METRONOME.

Talk About Travelers.

Mr. Fred Birks, the president-elect of the Dominion Commercial Travelers' Association of Montreal, was in the city this week, and was kept very busy receiving the congratulations of his numerous friends and brother travelers.

Tickets for the special performance of Karl the Peddler, under the auspices of the Commercial Travelers' Baseball Club, which takes place at the Toronto Opera House next Tuesday evening, are selling rapidly.

The annual Commercial Travelers' ball, which takes place on the evening of December 28th, will be held this year at Hamilton, in the Grand Opera House, and promises to be the event of the season. The Hamiltonians are making great preparations, and are anxious to eclipse the Toronto ball of last season. The Toronto boys, who are going in force, are promised a princely reception.

F. C. Daniels, city traveller for Messrs. Flett, Lowndes & Co., who has been ill for some time, is able to be around again.

The annual meeting and election of officers of the Commercial Traveller's Association for 1888 will be held in Shaftesbury Hall on Thursday, December 29th, when the boys will muster in big force. The president, J. C. Black, 1st vice-president, A. A. Allan, and treasurer, R. H. Graig, were re-elected by acclamation at the nomination meeting ten weeks ago. John Burns and John Allan are trying conclusions for the office of 2nd vice-president. The following gentlemen were nominated for the board of directors (nine): R. H. Cosbie, A. B. Cordingley, W. B. Dack, H. S. Davison, H. Goodman, T. P. Hayes, J. Haywood, W. L. Hunter, H. Morrison, T. Marshall, S. J. Meghton, R. J. Orr, John Orr, J. A. Rose, C. C. Van-Norman, John Walker, Geo. West. The election for the directors is causing a lot of excitement, as the candidates are all good men and popular.

W. S. Crane, the jovial representative in British Columbia for Messrs. H. A. Nelson & Co., is home once more and the boys are all glad to see him.

J. McKerracher, the short-stop of the Commercial Travellers' Baseball Club, intends eating his Christmas dinner in Kincardine.

DOT.

The Only Horse He Ever Backed.

"Betting on the races is on the increase. Did you ever back a horse, Darringer?"
"Only once, Bromley!"
"Did you win?"
"I lost $500. I backed him into a shop window on Chestnut street."

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CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S

To All Adults we will present a Handsome Photograph of the Great

CYCLORAMA

Battle of Sedan

And to All Children who visit us a

BEAUTIFUL BOX OF FINE CANDIES

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To Peerless
CORINNE
The pride of every heart. May her future be as
BRILLIANT
As this jeweled star.
From H. R. Jacobs
Dec. 24th, 1887.

PRESENTATION TO CORINNE.

At the Court street Theater in Buffalo Friday night last Mr. H. R. Jacobs, the manager of that theater, presented Corinne with a very handsome testimonial. It consists of a double star of solid gold, the points set with forty-two diamonds, and suspended by three chains from a shapely bar bearing in raised letters the word "Corinne." In the center of the star is the letter "C," set with fifteen additional diamonds. On the back of the star is the inscription: "To peerless Corinne, the pride of every heart; may her future be as brilliant as this jeweled star.—H. R. Jacobs." Manager Jacobs paid a trifle over one thousand dollars for this gift to Trowern, the jeweler, 171 Yonge street, Toronto, who makes a specialty of fine diamonds and diamond setting. But, as he says: "Corinne is the best-paying star I play in my entire twenty theaters, so I can well afford to be liberal to the little girl once a year."

Grand Opera House

O. B. SHEPPARD, MANAGER.

SPECIAL XMAS ATTRACTION

Commencing Monday, Dec. 26.

Matinees, Monday, Wednesday and Saturday

Christmas Matinee and Night and Tuesday Evening

The Distinguished Irish Comedian, Mr.

JOSEPH MURPHY

In Fred. Marsden's greatest of all Irish Dramas, The

KERRY GOW

Played by him with unparalleled success for ten consecutive seasons. Supported by the Talented young Leading Actress, MISS

STELLA TEUTON

And a Powerful Dramatic Company.

Wednesday Matinee and Evening and Thursday Evening

He will appear in the Great Companion Drama, by the same author, entitled

SHAUN RHUE

Introducing Mr. Murphy's wonderfully successful song, A Handful of Earth.

Friday Evening, Saturday Matinee and Saturday Evening

In His New Play,

THE DONAGH

By George Fawcett Rowe. A picture of Ireland as it exists to-day among the gentry and peasantry, introducing panoramic views of the Lakes of Killarney.

PRICES AS USUAL.

Reserved seats can be secured at the Box Office.

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ONE WEEK

COMMENCING DEC. 26

MATINEES

MONDAY (Christmas), TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY

Special engagement of the eminent German Dialect Comedian and best Singing Actor in America,

Mr. Chas. A. Gardner

supported by a specially selected

COMEDY COMPANY

in the latest production of CON. T. MURPHY, Esq.,

THE NEW KARL

New Scenic Effects, New Songs, New Dances

10c, 20c, 30c and 50c.

Box office open all day.

TUESDAY EVENING'S performance—Benefit Commercial Travelers' Baseball Club.

Jan. 2, 3 & 4, National Opera Co'y

CHRISTMAS GOODS.

JEWELRY, Endless Variety in Gold, Silver and Fine Art Lines. WATCHES, DIAMONDS, ELECTROPLATE. China Dinner and Tea Sets, Bric-a-brac and Fancy Goods of Every Description. A New Feature is Our Cheap Bargain Counter, from 25c. to $2.

The Largest Stock of Christmas Presents in the Dominion

To choose from. Goods can be selected at once and will be held. INSPECTION INVITED. Goods Marked in Plain Figures, and All Marked Down. Stock now Complete.

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The Household.

Any queries addressed to An Old Housekeeper, care Editor SATURDAY NIGHT, will be cheerfully responded to.

A GOOD DEVIL.

Score two turkey legs in deep gashes and press into them two tablespoonsful of made mustard (mixed with vinegar) and a saltspoon of cayenne. Do this over night, if required for breakfast or luncheon. When required for use, fry a rich brown. For the sauce, mix one good tablespoonful of mustard, half ditto of flour, one saltspoon of salt, ditto of cayenne gradually, with five tablespoonsful of the best Lucca oil and a generous half-cup of cream. When the bones are quite done (they will take about ten minutes), pour this mixture over them into the pan and stir it well about till thoroughly heated through. Serve on a "piping hot" dish.

TRIFLE.

Make a rich custard as follows: Put one pint and a half of cream, a stick of cinnamon and the thin rind of a lemon in the double boiler, and leave it over the fire till the cream is well flavored. Strain and stir into it (off the stove) the well-beaten yolks of ten eggs; sweeten to taste and return to the double boiler, and stir continually till thick, but do not risk its curdling; remove from the fire and stir in a pan of cold water till almost cold. Half pound macaroons, six stale sponge cakes (the small, oblong ones), raspberry jam, two glasses of sherry (or any sweet wine), one pint of whipped cream. Cut each sponge cake into four pieces, soak for a few moments in the wine and spread a desertspoonful of the jam on one piece, putting another on top, sandwich fashion. Treat the macaroons in the same way, putting two together with a teaspoonful of jam. As you do them, arrange in a deep glass bowl or trifle dish, beginning with a layer of the sponge cakes and moistening them with the custard. When all are done, pour over the remaining custard and set in a cool place. The whipped cream I purchased at a confectioner's. It is so troublesome to do, and can be bought for 25 cents a pint. At the last moment, before serving, dip the cream in spoonsful from the bowl, as there is always a little thin at the bottom, and heap lightly over the custard. A small cupful of freshly-grated cocoanut sprinkled over the top adds much to the appearance of the trifle.

FOR PERFUMING A ROOM.

Four ounces spirits of rosemary, one drachm balsam of Peru, two drachms tincture of benzoin, half a drachm each of the oils of lavender, bergamot and rosemary, two grains of musk, all to be well dissolved and carefully mixed together. If you have not a perfuming ladle, throw a small quantity on a fire-shovel, heated, not red-hot, but sufficiently to consume the perfume into smoke.

The Harmony Club.

Much interest centers in the forthcoming performance of the Harmony Club at the Grand Opera House Jan. 16th. The comic drama, The First Night, and the comedietta, A Cup of Tea, will form the double bill to be presented. The cast for the first night has been arranged as follows:

Mons. Achille Talma Dufard (French actor)... Mr. Townsend
The Hon. Bertie Flashangle..... Mr. E. C. Rutherford
Hyacinth Parnassus (dramatic author).....Mr. G. Dunstan
Theophilus Vamp (stage manager of a theater).....Mr. Lewis Bird
Timotheus Flat (manager of a theater).....Mr. W. J. Baines
Emilie Antoinette Rose (Dufard's daughter). Mrs. Townsend
Miss Arabella Flashjones (actress).....Miss Shanley

The First Night will be followed by the comedietta, A Cup of Tea, the cast of which will be:

Scroggins.....Mr. Rutherford
Sir Charles Seymour.....Mr. Arthur Townsend
Joseph.....Mr. George Dunstan
Lady Clara Seymour.....Miss Robinson

Mr. Townsend and Mr. Rutherford have already appeared in their respective characters before a Toronto audience, with some success. The plan of seats will be open to subscribers at 10 a. m. on the 13th, and to the general public two days afterwards.

New Music.

We have received from Messrs. I. Suckling & Son, the C. P. R. Lancers, Elite Waltzes, Tres Gai Polka, and Jubilee Waltzes, the two latter by the veteran Charles Coote. These dances are free and flowing in melody, full of dash and go, and are not too difficult. It is a pleasure to note that Messrs. Suckling exercise such good judgment in selecting music which makes itself popular. We have already spoken of the University Song Book in favorable terms, and can only add that this latest success is also a publication of the Messrs. Suckling.

Literary Conversation.

Man (to friend)—Old Dr. Johnson had odd tastes for a man with such well-developed intellectual powers. How he could find such delight in the society of the woman he married was a constant wonder to his contemporaries. You know old Dr. Johnson, of course?

Friend—Know him? Why, I guess I ought to when he was our family physician for so many years.

He Had Changed His Mind.

Esmeralda Longcoffin to Hostetter McGinnis—Are you still mad at me, Mr. McGinnis?

McGinnis—What about?

Esmeralda—You know last Christmas you proposed and I cruelly rejected your offer. I have—I have thought better of it since.

McGinnis—Humph! So have I.

"Do you think you have nerve enough to be a reporter?" asked the managing editor of an applicant.

"I think so, sir."

"And what makes you think so?"

"I'm only twenty," was the reply, "but I have already proposed to five different girls."

The Toronto Steam Laundry has removed to 105 York street.

A Christmas present which will be appreciated by every one is a Queen's Favorite Toilet Box, to be had at all drug and fancy stores.

TORONTO CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC
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MAYORALTY, 1888

Your Vote and Influence

Are respectfully requested for

E. F. CLARKE

The People's Candidate,

AS

MAYOR FOR 1888

Election will take place Monday, Jan. 2

JOSEF HOFMANN

THE PHENOMENAL PIANIST

WRITES CONCERNING THE CELEBRATED

WEBER PIANOFORTES

TRANSLATION.

WINDSOR HOTEL, NEW YORK, December 14, 1887.

MY DEAR MR. WEBER—I much regret that I cannot already thank you in the English language for the magnificent instruments which you have placed at my disposal for my concerts.

Only the powerful tone, the beautiful singing and carrying quality of your instruments render my appearance in the Metropolitan Opera House possible, and until now I have found no instrument whose Tone, Touch and Musical Properties were so sympathetic to me as those of your pianofortes. Gratefully yours,

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From Paris, France,

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A Grand Holiday Present

A DOMINION PIANO

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Were to-day to pay a visit to

THE ARMY & NAVY

Clothing Stores

He would unhesitatingly correct the above statement, and say that instead of one-half it only costs one-third of what it did when he was a boy, and accord us our full meed of praise for the great plank in our platform of

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Notwithstanding the immense sales we have had and the thousands of customers who have purchased our cheap overcoats and suits we are still in a position to supply you with those wonderful values in

Boys' Tweed Overcoats at $1.50—sold elsewhere at $3.
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Stores Open till 9 o'Clock Every Night and 10 p.m. Saturdays.

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THE

BON MARCHE

To say that the Bon Marche has been busy since the commencement of this Great Bankrupt Stock Sale of Fancy Goods would be drawing it very mild indeed. Every Department having been so crowded that we have found it impossible in numerous instances to give that careful attention to customers it is always our wish to do. With an immediate and considerable addition to our staff, however, we hope to overcome this difficulty.

6,000 yards lovely Brocaded and Striped Evening Silks, for this sale only, 46c yard.

1,500 yards Pure Silk Gauzes, lovely evening shades, for this sale only, 25c yard.

Large and beautiful range of Colored Moire Antiques, in all new and fashionable shades, 85c yard.

Richest stock and best value in Black Gros Grains, Black Satins, Black Merveleux of any house in the city. The fact is that we can stand upon any opposition in this city, no question about that.

Our stock of Mantle Brocades and Plushes presents a magnificent variety for Ladies to select from, all away down below regular prices. Ladies wishing to spend their money judiciously will certainly see our stock before buying anything in this line elsewhere.

During this sale, which is the most successful ever achieved in this city, as the crowded state of our store will at any time confirm, we shall continue to lay before our customers from day to day new and attractive lines of Cheap Goo suitable for the season.

TO-DAY. TO-DAY—A Manufacturer's Stock of Silk and Wool Underwear at 50c on the dollar, a very great bargain.

TO-DAY. TO-DAY—500 Ladies' German Fancy Wool Knitted Skirts at 75c, $1 and $1.25, every one worth double the money.

Bargains that are perfectly astonishing in Sealettes, Fur Dolmans, Fur-lined Dolmans, Mantles and Shawls.

OPENING TO-DAY, A BARGAIN—2,000 Plush Dressing Cases, Plush Jewelry Cases, Plush Picture Frames, Plush Work Boxes, Plush Toilet Boxes.

The Great Sale at The Bon Marche is a Perfect Success. Come and see.

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